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SONGS FOR YOUTH

BOOKS BY RUDYARD KIPLING

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|--|---|
| ACTIONS AND REACTIONS | LIFE'S HANDBOOK: BEING
STORIES & MAXIMS FOR
BOYS |
| BRUSHWOOD BOY, THE | LIGHT THAT FAILS, |
| CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS | THE |
| COLLECTED VERSE | MANY INVENTIONS |
| DAY'S WORK, THE | NALINIKA, ETC., WITH
WILLIAM BLAKE'S |
| DEPARTMENTAL JUTTIES | PEASIE TALES FROM THE
HILLS |
| AND BALADS AND BAR-
ACK-RUM BALADS | PICK OF POM-PON'S HILL |
| DIVERSITY OF CREA-
TURES, A | RISHMAY AND FAIRY |
| EYES OF ASIA, THE | RUDYARD KIPLING'S
VERSE, 10TH ANNUAL EDI-
TION, 1914, 1915 |
| FEST OF THE YOUNG
MEN, THE | SEA WARFARE |
| FIVE NATIONS, THE | SIXTH STAR, THE |
| FRANCE AT WAR | SIXTH STARS |
| FRIMSES OF THE FLEET | SISTER THURSTON: THE
STORY OF THE SISTER
THURSTON, AND THE BLACK
AND WHITE |
| FROM SEA TO SEA | SONG OF THE EXILE,
A |
| HISTORY OF ENGLAND, A | SONGS FOR CHILDREN |
| INDEPENDENCE | SONGS FROM BOMBAY |
| IRISH GUARDS IN THE
GREAT WAR, THE | STANLEY & CO. |
| JUNGLE BOOK, THE | THREE |
| JUNGLE BOOK, SECOND | TRAFFIC AND DISOBEDI-
ENCE |
| JUST SO SONG BOOK | UNDER THE DUSTY ROSE, |
| JUST SO STORIES | THE PHANTOM KNIGHT,
SHAW AND THE WAR
WITH WINKIE |
| KIM | WITH THE NIGHT MAIL,
YEARS BETWEEN, THE |
| KIPLING ANTHOLOGY, A | |
| PROSE AND VERSE | |
| KIPLING CALENDAR | |
| KIPLING STORIES AND
POEMS, EVERY CHILD
SHOULD KNOW | |
| KIPLING BIRTHDAY BOOK,
THE | |
| LAND AND SEA TALES | |
| LETTERS OF TRAVEL | |

Songs for Youth

From "Collected Verse"

By Rudyard Kipling



With Illustrations by Leo Bates

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SONGS FOR YOUTH

SONGS FOR YOUTH

MARY'S SON

*If you stop to find out what your wages will be
And how they will clothe and feed you,
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Sea,
For the Sea will never need you.*

*If you ask for the reason of every command,
And argue with people about you,
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Land,
For the Land will do better without you.*

*If you stop to consider the work you have done
And to boast what your labour is worth, dear,
Angels may come for you, Willie, my son,
But you'll never be wanted on Earth, dear!*

TO THE TRUE ROMANCE

*Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor know Thee till I die.
Enough for me in dreams to see
And touch Thy garments' hem:
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them!*

Through wantonness if men profess
They weary of Thy parts,
E'en let them die at blasphemy
And perish with their arts;
But we that love, but we that prove
Thine excellence august,
While we adore, discover more
Thee perfect, wise, and just.

SONGS FOR YOUTH

Since spoken word Man's spirit stirred
 Beyond his belly-need,
What is is Thine of fair design
 In Thought and Craft and Deed—
Each stroke aright of toil and fight,
 That was and that shall be,
And hope too high, wherefore we die,
 Has birth and worth in Thee.

Who holds by Thee hath Heaven in fee
 To gild his dross thereby,
And knowledge sure that he endure
 A child until he die—
For to make plain that man's disdain
 Is but new Beauty's birth—
For to possess in singleness
 The joy of all the earth.

As Thou didst teach all lovers speech
 And Life all mystery,
So shalt Thou rule by every school
 Till life and longing die,

TO THE TRUE ROMANCE

5

Who wast or yet the Lights were set,
A whisper in the Void—
Who shalt be sung through planets young
When this is clean destroyed.

Beyond the bounds our staring rounds,
Across the pressing dark,
The children wise of outer skies
Look hitherward and mark
A light that shifts, a glare that drifts,
Rekindling thus and thus,
Not all forlorn, for Thou hast borne
Strange tales to them of us.

Time hath no tide but must abide
The servant of Thy will;
Tide hath no time, for to Thy rhyme
The ranging stars stand still—
Regent of spheres that lock our fears
Our hopes invisible,
Oh 't was certes at Thy decrees
We fashioned Heaven and Hell!

SONGS FOR YOUTH

Pure Wisdom hath no certain path
That lacks Thy morning eyne,
And Captains bold by Thee controlled
Most like to Gods design.
Thou art the Voice to kingly boys
To lift them through the fight,
And Comfortress of Unsuccess,
To give the Dead good-night.

A veil to draw 'twixt God His Law
And Man's infirmity.
A shadow kind to dumb and blind
The shambles where we die;
A rule to trick th' arithmetic,
Too base, of leaguing odds—
The spur of trust, the curb of lust,
Thou handmaid of the Gods!

O Charity, all patiently
Abiding wrack and scaith!
O Faith, that meets ten thousand cheats
Yet drops no jot of faith!

Devil and brute Thou dost transmute
To higher, lordlier show,
Who art in sooth that lovely Truth
The careless angels know!

*Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I may not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor know Thee till I die.*

*Yet may I look with heart unshook
On blow brought home or missed—
Yet may I hear with equal ear
The clarions down the List;
Yet set my lance above mischance,
And ride the barriere—
Oh, hit or miss, how little 't is,
My Lady is not there!*

COLD IRON

*"Gold is for the Mistress—silver for the Maid—
Copper for the Craftsman cunning at his trade."*

"Good!" said the Baron, sitting in his hall,
"But Iron—Cold Iron—is master of them all."

So he made rebellion 'gainst the King his liege—
Camped before his citadel and summoned it to siege.
"Nay!" said the cannoneer on the castle wall,
"But Iron—Cold Iron—shall be master of you all!"

Woe for the Baron and his knights so strong,
When the cruel cannon-balls laid 'em all along!
He was taken prisoner, he was cast in thrall,
And Iron—Cold Iron—was master of it all!

Yet his King spake kindly (Ah, how kind a Lord!)
"What if I release thee now and give thee back thy
sword?"

"Nay!" said the Baron, "mock not at my fall,
For Iron—Cold Iron—is master of men all."



Cold Iron

*"Tears are for the craven, prayers are for the clown—
Halters for the silly neck that cannot keep a crown."*

"As my loss is grievous, so my hope is small,
For Iron—Cold Iron—must be master of men all!"

Yet his King made answer (few such Kings there be!)
"Here is Bread and here is Wine—sit and sup with me.
Eat and drink in Mary's Name, the whiles I do recall
How Iron—Cold Iron—can be master of men all!"

He took the Wine and blessed it. He blessed and brake
the Bread.

With His own Hands He served Them, and presently
He said:

"See! These Hands they pierced with nails, outside
My city wall,
Show Iron—Cold Iron—to be master of men all!"

"Wounds are for the desperate, blows are for the strong.
Balm and oil for weary hearts all cut and bruised with
wrong.

I forgive thy treason—I redeem thy fall—
For Iron—Cold Iron—must be master of men all!"

*“Crowns are for the valiant—sceptres for the bold!
Thrones and powers for mighty men who dare to take and
hold.”*

“Nay!” said the Baron, kneeling in his hall,
“But Iron—Cold Iron—is master of men all.
Iron out of Calvary is master of men all!”

PUCK'S SONG

SEE you the ferny ride that steals
Into the oak-woods far?
O that was whence they hewed the keels
That rolled to Trafalgar.

And mark you where the ivy clings
To Bayham's mouldering walls?
O there we cast the stout railings
That stand around St. Paul's.

See you the dimpled track that runs
All hollow through the wheat?
O that was where they hauled the guns
That smote King Philip's fleet.

(Out of the Weald, the secret Weald,
Men sent in ancient years,
The horse-shoes red at Flodden Field,
The arrows at Poitiers!)

See you our little mill that clacks,
So busy by the brook?
She has ground her corn and paid her tax
Ever since Domesday Book.

See you our stilly woods of oak,
And the dread ditch beside?
O that was where the Saxons broke
On the day that Harold died.

See you the windy levels spread
About the gates of Rye?
O that was where the Northmen fled,
When Alfred's ships came by.

See you our pastures wide and lone,
Where the red oxen browse?
O there was a City thronged and known,
Ere London boasted a house.

And see you, after rain, the trace
Of mound and ditch and wall?
O that was a Legion's camping-place,
When Cæsar sailed from Gaul.

And see you marks that show and fade,
Like shadows on the Downs?
O they are the lines the Flint Men made,
To guard their wondrous towns.

Trackway and Camp and City lost,
Salt Marsh where now is corn—
Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,
And so was England born!

She is not any common Earth,
Water or wood or air,
But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,
Where you and I will fare!

THE THOUSANDTH MAN

ONE man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother.
And it's worth while seeking him half your days
If you find him before the other.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you;
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
With the whole round world agin' you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show
Will settle the finding for 'ee.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go
By your looks, or your acts, or your glory.
But if he finds you and you find him,
The rest of the world don't matter;
For the Thousandth Man will sink or swim
With you in any water.

You can use his purse with no more talk
Than he uses yours for his spendings,
And laugh and meet in your daily walk
As though there had been no lendings.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call
For silver and gold in their dealings;
But the Thousandth Man he's worth 'em all,
Because you can show him your feelings.

His wrong's your wrong, and his right's your right,
In season or out of season.
Stand up and back it in all men's sight—
With *that* for your only reason!
Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide
The shame or mocking or laughter;
But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side
To the gallows-foot—and after!

“GUNGA DIN”

You may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them blackfaced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

He was “Din! Din! Din!

“You limpин' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!

“Hi! *Jeldee hitherao!*

“Water, get it! *Panee lao*,¹

“You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din.”

¹Bring water swiftly.

The uniform 'e wore
 Was nothin' much before,
 An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
 For a piece o' twisty rag
 An' a goatskin water-bag
 Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
 When the sweatin' troop-train lay
 In a sidin' through the day,
 Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows
 crawl,
 We shouted, “Harry By!”¹
 Till our throats were bricky-dry,
 Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
 It was “Din! Din! Din!
 “You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
 “You put some *juldee*² in it
 “Or I'll *marrow*³ you this minute
 “If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!”

'E would dot an' carry one
 Till the longest day was done;
 An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.

¹O brother.

²Be quick.

³Hit you.

If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right, flank-rear.
With 'is *mussick*¹ on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire."
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could hear the front-ranks shout,
"Hi! Ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I shan't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' th' man that spied me first,
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' he plugged me where I bled,

¹Water-skin.

An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water—green.
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefullest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"

"'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
"'E's chawin' up the ground,
"An 'e's kickin' all around:
"For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died,
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double-drills and no canteen.
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din!

SONGS FOR YOUTH

Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

THE SEA AND THE HILLS

Who hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water
unbounded—

The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the
comber wind-hounded?

The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foamless,
enormous, and growing—

Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-eyed hur-
ricane blowing—

His Sea in no showing the same—his Sea and the same
'neath each showing:

His Sea as she slackens or thrills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise—hillmen
desire their Hills!

Who hath desired the Sea?—the immense and contemp-
tuos surges?

The shudder, the stumble, the swerve, as the star-stabbing
bowsprit emerges?

The orderly clouds of the Trades, the ridged, roaring
sapphire thereunder—

Unheralded cliff-haunting flaws and the headsail's low-
volleying thunder—

His Sea in no wonder the same—his Sea and the same
through each wonder:

His Sea as she rages or stills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise—hillmen
desire their Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her mercies swift as her
mercies?

The in-rolling walls of the fog and the silver-winged
breeze that disperses?

The unstable, mined berg going South and the calvings
and groans that declare it—

White water half-guessed overside and the moon breaking
timely to bare it—

His Sea as his fathers have dared—his Sea as his children
shall dare it:

His Sea as she serves him or kills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise—hillmen
desire their Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her excellent loneliness
rather
Than forecourts of Kings, and her outermost pits than
the streets where men gather
Inland, among dust, under trees—inland where the
slayer may slay him—
Inland, out of reach of her arms, and the bosom whereon
he must lay him—
His Sea from the first that betrayed—at the last that shall
never betray him—
 His Sea that his being fulfils?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise—hillmen
desire their Hills!

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment
Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor
Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come
from the ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's
pride.

He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn
and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far
away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of
the Guides:

"Is there never a man of all my men can say where
Kamal hides?"

Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of the
Ressaldar:

"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know
where his pickets are.

"At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into
Bonair,

"But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare.

"So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,

"By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to
the Tongue of Jagai.

"But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly
turn ye then,

"For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is
sown with Kamal's men.

"There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low
lean thorn between,

"And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a
man is seen."

The Colonel's son has taken horse, and a raw rough dun
was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the
head of a gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won; they bid him
stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long
at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he
can fly,

Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the
Tongue of Jagai—

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon
her back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made
the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling
ball went wide.

"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if
ye can ride!"

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-
devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a
barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head
above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as a maiden
plays with a glove.

There was rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low
lean thorn between,

And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick though never a
man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their
hoofs drum up the dawn;

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like
a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful heap fell
he,

And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the
rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room
was there to strive,

“ ‘T was only by favour of mine,’ quoth he, “ ye rode so
long alive:

“ There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not
a clump of tree,

“ But covered a man of my own men with his rifle
cocked on his knee.

“ If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it
low,

“ The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in
a row.

“If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held
it high,

“The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till
she could not fly.”

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “Do good to bird
and beast,

“But count who come for the broken meats before thou
makest a feast.

“If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my
bones away,

“Belike the price of a jackal’s meal were more than a
thief could pay.

“They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their
men on the garnered grain,

“The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all
the cattle are slain.

“But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren
wait to sup,

“The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog,
and call them up!

“And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear
and stack,

“Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight my own
way back!”

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.

"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and grey wolf meet.

"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;

"What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood of my clan.

"Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;

"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.

"So she shall go with a lifter's dower—my turquoise-studded rein,

"My 'broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.'

The Colonel's son a pistol drew, and held it muzzle-end,

"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?"

“A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight; “a limb for
the risk of a limb.

“Thy father has sent his son to me—I’ll send my son to
him!”

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a
mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like
a lance in rest.

“Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “who leads a
troop of the Guides,

“And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder
rides.

“Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board
and bed,

“Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy
head.

“So, thou must eat the White Queen’s meat, and all
her foes are thine,

“And thou must harry thy father’s hold for the peace
of the Border-line.

“And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy
way to power—

“Belike they will raise thec to Ressaldar when I am
hanged in Peshawur!”

They have looked each other between the eyes, and
there they found no fault:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
leavened bread and salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
fire and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the
Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy
the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there
went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty
swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the
blood of the mountaineer.

“Ha’ done! ha’ done!” said the Colonel’s son. “Put
up the steel at your sides.

“Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night’tis
a man of the Guides!”

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,*

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great Judgment
Seat;*

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,*

*When two strong men stand face to face, though they come
from the ends of the earth!*

THE ROMAN CENTURION'S SONG

(ROMAN OCCUPATION OF BRITAIN, A. D. 300)

LEGATE, I had the news last night—my cohort ordered home

By ship to Portus Itius and thence by road to Rome.
I've marched the companies aboard, the arms are stowed below:

Now let another take my sword. Command me not to go!

I've served in Britain forty years, from Vectis to the Wall.
I have none other home than this, nor any life at all.
Last night I did not understand, but, now the hour draws near

That calls me to my native land, I feel that land is here.

Here where men say my name was made, here where my work was done,

Here where my dearest dead are laid—my wife—my wife and son;

Here where time, custom, grief and toil, age, memory,
service, love,

Have rooted me in British soil. Ah, how can I remove?

For me this land, that sea, these airs, those folk and
fields suffice.

What purple Southern pomp can match our changeful
Northern skies,

Black with December snows unshed or pearled with
August haze—

The clanging arch of steel-grey March, or June's long-
lighted days?

You'll follow widening Rhodanus till vine and olive lean
Aslant before the sunny breeze that sweeps Nemausus
clean

To Arelate's triple gate; but let me linger on,
Here where our stiffnecked British oaks confront Euro-
clydon.

You'll take the old Aurelian Road through shore-
descending pines

Where, blue as any peacock's neck, the Tyrrhene Ocean
shines.

You'll go where laurel crowns are won, but—will you
e'er forget

The scent of hawthorn in the sun, or bracken in the wet?

Let me work here for Britain's sake—at any task you
will—

A marsh to drain, a road to make, or native troops to drill;
Some Western camp (I know the Pict) or granite Border
keep,

Mid seas of heather derelict, where our old messmates
sleep.

Legate, I come to you in tears—my cohort ordered home!
I've served in Britain forty years. What should I do in
Rome?

Here is my heart, my soul, my mind—the only life I
know.

I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not to go!

“FUZZY-WUZZY”

(*Soudan Expeditionary Force*)

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Suakin,
An' 'e played the cat-an'-banjo with our forces.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in
the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class
fightin' man;
We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it
signed
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever
you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:
But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis
and the kid;
Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went
an' did.
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly
fair;
But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, you
broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So *we* must certify the skill 'e's shown,
In usin' of 'is long two-anded swords:
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin-eaded shield an' shovel-spear,

An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last an 'althy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends
which are no more,

If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you
to deplore.

But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the
bargain fair,

For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up
the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantree!

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the
Soudan;

You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class
fightin' man;

An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick
'ead of 'air—

You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a
British square!

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

*Now this is the Law of the Jungle—as old and as true
as the sky;*

*And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf
that shall break it must die.*

*As the creeper that girdles the tree-trunk the Law runneth
onward and back—*

*For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength
of the Wolf is the Pack.*

Wash daily from nose-tip to tail-tip; drink deeply, but
never too deep;

And remember the night is for hunting, and forget not
the day is for sleep.

The Jackal may follow the Tiger, but, Cub, when thy
whiskers are grown,

Remember the Wolf is a hunter—go forth and get food
of thine own.



The Law of the Jungle

Keep peace with the Lords of the Jungle—the Tiger,
the Panther, the Bear;
And trouble not Hathi the Silent, and mock not the
Boar in his lair.

When Pack meets with Pack in the Jungle, and neither
will go from the trail,
Lie down till the leaders have spoken—it may be fair
words shall prevail.

When ye fight with a Wolf of the Pack, ye must fight
him alone and afar,
Lest others take part in the quarrel, and the Pack be
diminished by war.

The Lair of the Wolf is his refuge, and where he has
made him his home,
Not even the Head Wolf may enter, not even the Coun-
cil may come.

The Lair of the Wolf is his refuge, but where he has
digged it too plain,
The Council shall send him a message, and so he shall
change it again.

If ye kill before midnight, be silent, and wake not the
woods with your bay,
Lest ye frighten the deer from the crops, and the
brothers go empty away.

Ye may kill for yourselves, and your mates, and your
cubs as they need, and ye can;
But kill not for pleasure of killing, and *seven times never*
kill Man!

If ye plunder his Kill from a weaker, devour not all in
thy pride;
Pack-Right is the right of the meanest; so leave him the
head and the hide.

The Kill of the Pack is the meat of the Pack. Ye must
eat where it lies;
And no one may carry away of that meat to his lair, or
he dies.

The Kill of the Wolf is the meat of the Wolf. He may
do what he will,
But, till he has given permission, the Pack may not eat
of that Kill.

Cub-Right is the right of the Yearling. From all of his Pack he may claim Full-gorge when the killer has eaten; and none may refuse him the same.

Lair-Right is the right of the Mother. From all of her year she may claim One haunch of each kill for her litter; and none may deny her the same.

Cave-Right is the right of the Father—to hunt by himself for his own; He is freed of all calls to the Pack; he is judged by the Council alone.

Because of his age and his cunning, because of his gripe and his paw, In all that the Law leaveth open, the word of the Head Wolf is Law.

Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they; But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch and the hump is—Obey!

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

" . . . and will supply details to guard the Blood River Bridge."
District Orders—Lines of Communication. South African War.

SUDDEN the desert changes,
The raw glare softens and clings,
Till the aching Oudtshoorn ranges
Stand up like the thrones of Kings—

Ramparts of slaughter and peril—
Blazing, amazing, aglow—
'Twixt the sky-line's belting beryl
And the wine-dark flats below.

Royal the pageant closes,
Lit by the last of the sun—
Opal and ash-of-roses,
Cinnamon, umber, and dun.

The twilight swallows the thicket,
The starlight reveals the ridge,
The whistle shrills to the picket—
We are changing guard on the bridge.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the empty metals shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)

We slip through the broken panel
Of fence by the ganger's shed.
We drop to the waterless channel
And the lean track overhead.

We stumble on refuse of rations,
The beef and the biscuit-tins;
We take our appointed stations,
And the endless night begins.

We hear the Hottentot herders
As the sheep click past to the fold—
And the click of the restless girders
As the steel contracts in the cold—

Voices of jackals calling
And, loud in the hush between,
A morsel of dry earth falling
From the flanks of the scarred ravine.

And the solemn firmament marches,
And the hosts of heaven rise
Framed through the iron arches—
Banded and barred by the ties,

Till we feel the far track humming,
And we see her headlight plain,
And we gather and wait her coming—
The wonderful North-bound train.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the white car-windows shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)

Quick, ere the gift escape us!
Out of the darkness we reach
For a handful of week-old papers
And a mouthful of human speech.

And the monstrous heaven rejoices,
And earth allows again,
Meetings, greetings, and voices
Of women talking with men.

So we return to our places,
As out on the bridge she rolls;
And the darkness covers our faces,
And the darkness re-enters our souls.

More than a little lonely
Where the lessening tail-lights shine.
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line!

“FORD O’ KABUL RIVER”

KABUL town’s by Kabul river—

Blow the trumpet, draw the sword—

There I lef’ my mate for ever,

Wet an’ drippin’ by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o’ Kabul river,

Ford o’ Kabul river in the dark!

There’s the river up and brimmin’, an’ there’s ‘arf

a squadron swimmin’

’Cross the ford o’ Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town’s a blasted place—

Blow the trumpet, draw the sword—

’Strewh I shan’t forget ’is face

Wet an’ drippin’ by the ford!

Ford, ford, ford o’ Kabul river,

Ford o’ Kabul river in the dark!

Keep the crossing-stakes beside you, an’ they will

surely guide you

’Cross the ford o’ Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town is sun and dust—

Blow the trumpet, draw the sword—

I'd ha' sooner drownded fust

'Stead of 'im beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

You can 'ear the 'orses threshin', you can 'ear the
men a-splashin',

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town was ours to take—

Blow the trumpet, draw the sword—

I'd ha' left it for 'is sake—

'Im that left me by the ford!

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

It's none so bloomin' dry there; ain't you never
comin' nigh there,

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark?

Kabul town'll go to hell—

Blow the trumpet, draw the sword—

'Fore I see him 'live an' well—

'Im the best beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder, for their boots 'll
pull 'em under,
By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town—
Blow the trumpet, draw the sword—
'Im an' 'arf my troop is down,
Down and drownded by the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
There's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't no use
o' callin'
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

THE SECRET OF THE MACHINES

We WERE taken from the ore-bed and the mine,
We were melted in the furnace and the pit—
We were cast and wrought and hammered to design,
We were cut and filed and tooled and gauged to fit.
Some water, coal, and oil is all we ask,
And a thousandth of an inch to give us play:
And now if you will set us to our task,
We will serve you four and twenty hours a day!

We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,
We can print and plough and weave and heat and
light,
We can run and dig and swim and fly and dive,
We can see and hear and count and read and write!

Would you call a friend from half across the world?
If you'll let us have his name and town and state,

You shall see and hear your crackling question hurled
Across the arch of heaven while you wait.

Has he answered? Does he need you at his side?

You can start this very evening if you choose,
And take the Western Ocean in the stride
Of seventy thousand horses and some screws!

The boat-express is waiting your command!
You will find the *Mauretania* at the quay,
Till her captain turns the lever 'neath his hand,
And the monstrous nine-decked city goes to sea.

Do you wish to make the mountains bare their head,
And lay their new-cut forests at your feet?

Do you want to turn a river in its bed,
Or plant a barren wilderness with wheat?

Shall we pipe aloft and bring you water down
From the never-failing cisterns of the snows,
To work the mills and tramways in your town,
And irrigate your orchard as it flows?

It is easy! Give us dynamite and drills!
Watch the iron-shouldered rocks lie down and quake
As the thirsty desert-level floods and fills,
And the valley we have dammed becomes a lake.

But remember, please, the Law by which we live.

We are not built to comprehend a lie.

We can neither love nor pity nor forgive.

If you make a slip in handling us you die!

We are greater than the Peoples or the Kings—

Be humble, as you crawl beneath our rods!—

Our touch can alter all created things,

We are everything on earth—except The Gods!

*Though our smoke may hide the Heavens from your
eyes,*

It will vanish and the stars will shine again,

Because, for all our power and weight and size,

We are nothing more than children of your brain!

HUNTING-SONG OF THE SEEONEE PACK

As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled—

Once, twice and again!

And a doe leaped up, and a doe leaped up

From the pond in the wood where the wild deer sup.

This I, scouting alone, beheld,

Once, twice and again!

As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled—

Once, twice and again!

And a wolf stole back, and a wolf stole back

To carry the word to the waiting Pack,

And we sought and we found and we bayed on his track

Once, twice and again!

As the dawn was breaking the Wolf Pack yelled

Once, twice and again!

Feet in the jungle that leave no mark!

Eyes that can see in the dark—the dark!

Tongue—give tongue to it! Hark! O Hark!

Once, twice and again!

THE LEGEND OF MIRTH

THE Four Archangels, so the legends tell,
Raphael, Gabriel, Michael, Azrael,
Being first of those to whom the Power was shown,
Stood first of all the Host before The Throne,
And, when the Charges were allotted, burst
Tumultuous-winged from out the assembly first.
Zeal was their spur that bade them strictly heed
Their own high judgment on their lightest deed.
Zeal was their spur that, when relief was given,
Urged them unwearied to new toils in Heaven;
For Honour's sake perfecting every task
Beyond what e'en Perfection's self could ask. . . .
And Allah, Who created Zeal and Pride,
Knows how the twain are perilous-near allied.

It chanced, on one of Heaven's long-lighted days,
The Four and all the Host being gone their ways
Each to his Charge, the shining Courts were void,
Save for one Seraph whom no charge employed,

With folden wings and slumber-threatened brow,
To whom The Word: "Beloved, what dost thou?"
"By the Permission," came the answer soft,
"Little I do nor do that little oft.
"As is The Will in Heaven so on Earth
"Where, by The Will, I strive to make men mirth."
He ceased and sped, hearing The Word once more:
"Beloved, go thy way and greet the Four."

Systems and Universes overpast,
The Seraph came upon the Four, at last,
Guiding and guarding with devoted mind
The tedious generations of mankind
Who lent at most unwilling ear and eye
When they could not escape the ministry. . . .
Yet, patient, faithful, firm, persistent, just
Toward all that gross, indifferent, facile dust,
The Archangels laboured to discharge their trust
By precept and example, prayer and law,
Advice, reproof, and rule, but, labouring, saw
Each in his fellow's countenance confessed,
The Doubt that sickens: "Have I done my best?..."
Even as they sighed and turned to toil anew,
The Seraph hailed them with observance due:

And, after some fit talk of higher things,
Touched tentative on mundane happenings.
This they permitting, he, emboldened thus,
Prolused of humankind promiscuous;
And, since the large contention less avails
Than instances observed, he told them tales—
Tales of the Shop, the Bed, the Court, the Street.
Intimate, elemental, indiscreet:
Occasions where Confusion smiting swift
Piles jest on jest as snow-slides pile the drift
Whence, one by one, beneath derisive skies,
The victims' bare, bewildered heads arise—
Tales of the passing of the spirit, graced
With humour blinding as the doom it faced—
Stark tales of ribaldry that broke aside
To tears, by laughter swallowed ere they dried—
Tales to which neither grace nor gain accrue,
But only (Allah be exalted!) true,
And only, as the Seraph showed that night,
Delighting to the limits of delight.

These he rehearsed with artful pause and halt,
And such pretence of memory at fault,

That soon the Four—so well the bait was thrown—
Came to his aid with memories of their own—
Matters dismissed long since as small or vain,
Whereof the high significance had lain
Hid, till the ungirt glosses made it plain.
Then, as enlightenment came broad and fast,
Each marvelled at his own oblivious past
Until—the Gates of Laughter open wide—
The Four, with that bland Seraph at their side,
While they recalled, compared, and amplified,
In utter mirth forgot both Zeal and Pride!

High over Heaven the lamps of midnight burned
Ere, weak with merriment, the Four returned,
Not in that order they were wont to keep—
Pinion to pinion answering, sweep for sweep,
In awful diapason heard afar—
But shoutingly adrift 'twixt star and star;
Reeling a planet's orbit left or right
As laughter took them in the abysmal Night;
Or, by the point of some remembered jest,
Winged and brought helpless down through gulfs un-
guessed,

Where the blank worlds that gather to the birth
Leaped in the Womb of Darkness at their mirth,
And e'en Gehenna's bondsmen understood.
They were not damned from human brotherhood . . .

Not first nor last of Heaven's high Host, the Four
That night took place beneath The Throne once more.
O lovelier than their morning majesty,
The understanding light behind the eye!
O more compelling than their old command,
The new-learned, friendly gesture of the hand!
O sweeter than their zealous fellowship,
The wise half-smile that passed from lip to lip!
O well and roundly, when Command was given,
They told the tale against themselves to Heaven,
And in the Silence, waiting on The Word,
Received the Peace and Pardon of The Lord!

THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS

THEY shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago.
Weather and rain have undone it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a road through the woods
Before they planted the trees.
It is underneath the coppice and heath,
And the thin anemones.
Only the keeper sees
That, where the ring-dove broods,
And the badgers roll at ease,
There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods
Of a summer evening late,
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools
Where the otter whistles his mate.
(They fear not men in the woods,
Because they see so few.)

You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods. . . .
But there is no road through the woods!

THE DERELICT

"And reports the derelict 'Mary Pollock' still at sea."

SHIPPING NEWS.

*I was the staunchest of our fleet
Till the Sea rose beneath my feet
Unheralded, in hatred past all measure.
Into His pits he stamped my crew,
Buffeted, blinded, bound and threw,
Bidding me eyeless wait upon His pleasure.*

Man made me, and my will
Is to my maker still,
Whom now the currents con, the rollers steer—
Lifting forlorn to spy
Trailed smoke along the sky,
Falling afraid lest any keel come near!

Wrenched as the lips of thirst,
Wried, dried, and split and burst,
Bone-bleached my decks, wind-scoured to the graining;



The Derelict

And, jarred at every roll,
The gear that was my soul
Answers the anguish of my beams' complaining.

For life that crammed me full,
Gangs of the prying gull
That shriek and scrabble on the riven hatches.
For roar that dumbed the gale,
My hawse-pipes' guttering wail,
Sobbing my heart out through the uncounted watches.

Blind in the hot blue ring
Through all my points I swing—
Swing and return, to shift the sun anew.
Blind in my well-known sky
I hear the stars go by,
Mocking the prow that cannot hold one true.

White on my wasted path
Wave after wave in wrath
Frets 'gainst his fellow, warring where to send me.
Flung forward, heaved aside,
Witless and dazed I bide
The mercy of the comber that shall end me.

North where the bergs careen,
The spray of seas unseen
Smokes round my head and freezes in the falling.
South where the corals breed,
The footless, floating weed
Folds me and fouls me, strake on strake upcrawling.

I that was clean to run
My race against the sun—
Strength on the deep—am bawd to all disaster;
Whipped forth by night to meet
My sister's careless feet,
And with a kiss betray her to my master.

Man made me, and my will
Is to my maker still—
To him and his, our peoples at their pier;
Lifting in hope to spy
Trailed smoke along the sky,
Falling afraid lest any keel come near!

AN ASTROLOGER'S SONG

To THE Heavens above us

O look and behold

The Planets that love us

All harnessed in gold!

What Chariots, what Horses

Against us shall bide

While the Stars in their courses

Do fight on our side?

All thought, all desires,

That are under the sun,

Are one with their fires,

As we also are one.

All matter, all spirit,

All fashion, all frame,

Receive and inherit

Their strength from the same.

Oh, man that deniest
 All Power save thine own,
Their power in the highest
 Is mightily shown.
Not less in the lowest
 That Power is made clear.
(Oh, man, if thou knowest,
 What treasure is here!)

Earth quakes in her throes,
 And we wonder for why.
But the blind planet knows
 When her ruler is nigh;
And, attuned since Creation
 To perfect accord,
She thrills in her station,
 And yearns to her Lord.

The waters have risen,
 The springs are unbound—
The floods break their prison,
 And ravin around.
No rampart withstands 'em,
 Their fury will last,

Till the Sign that commands 'em
Sinks low or swings past.

Through abysses unproven,
O'er gulfs beyond thought,
Our portion is woven,
Our burden is brought:
Yet They that prepare it,
Whose Nature we share,
Make us who must bear it
Well able to bear.

Though terrors o'ertake us
We'll not be afraid.
No Power can unmake us
Save that which has made:
Nor yet beyond reason
Or hope shall we fail—
All things have their season,
And Mercy crowns all!

Then, doubt not, ye fearful
The Eternal is King—

SONGS FOR YOUTH

Up heart, and be cheerful,
And lustily sing:—
*What Chariots what Horses
Against us shall bide
While the Stars in their courses
Do fight on our side?*

A SCHOOL SONG

*Let us now praise famous men—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Greater than their knowing!*

Western wind and open surge
Took us from our mothers,
Flung us on a naked shore
(Twelve bleak houses by the shore!
Seven summers by the shore!)
'Mid two hundred brothers.

There we met with famous men
Set in office o'er us;
And they beat on us with rods—
Faithfully with many rods—
Daily beat us on with rods,
For the love they bore us!

Out of Egypt unto Troy—
Over Himalaya—
Far and sure our bands have gone—
Hy-Brazil or Babylon,
Islands of the Southern Run,
And Cities of Cathaia!

And we all praise famous men—
Ancients of the College;
For they taught us common sense—
Tried to teach us common sense—
Truth and God's Own Common Sense
Which is more than knowledge!

Each degree of Latitude
Strung about Creation
Seeth one or more of us
(Of one muster each of us),
Diligent in that he does,
Keen in his vocation.

This we learned from famous men,
Knowing not its uses,

When they showed, in daily work,
Man must finish off his work—
Right or wrong, his daily work—
And without excuses.

Servants of the Staff and chain,
Mine and fuse and grapnel—
Some, before the face of Kings,
Stand before the face of Kings;
Bearing gifts to divers Kings—
Gifts of case and shrapnel.

This we learned from famous men
Teaching in our borders,
Who declarèd it was best,
Safest, easiest, and best—
Expeditious, wise, and best—
To obey your orders.

Some beneath the further stars
Bear the greater burden:
Set to serve the lands they rule
(Save he serve no man may rule),
Serve and love the lands they rule;
Seeking praise nor guerdon.

SONGS FOR YOUTH

This we learned from famous men,
Knowing not we learned it.
Only, as the years went by—
Lonely, as the years went by—
Far from help as years went by,
Plainer we discerned it.

Wherefore praise we famous men
From whose bays we borrow—
They that put aside To-day—
All the joys of their To-day—
And with toil of their To-day—
Bought for us To-morrow!

*Bless and praise we famous men—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Great beyond their knowing!*

THE HERITAGE

OUR Fathers in a wondrous age,
Ere yet the Earth was small,
Ensured to us an heritage,
And doubted not at all
That we, the children of their heart,
Which then did beat so high,
In later time should play like part
For our posterity.

A thousand years they steadfast built,
To 'vantage us and ours,
The Walls that were a world's despair,
The sea-constraining Towers:
Yet in their midmost pride they knew,
And unto Kings made known,
Not all from these their strength they drew,
Their faith from brass or stone.

SONGS FOR YOUTH

Youth's passion, Manhood's fierce intent,
With Age's judgment wise,
They spent, and counted not they spent,
At daily sacrifice.
Not lambs alone nor purchased doves
Or tithe of trader's gold—
Their lives most dear, their dearer loves,
They offered up of old.

Refraining e'en from lawful things,
They bowed the neck to bear
The unadornèd yoke that brings
Stark toil and sternest care.
Wherefore, through them, is Freedom sure;
Wherefore, through them, we stand,
From all but sloth and pride secure,
In a delightsome land.

Then, fretful, murmur not they gave
So great a charge to keep,
Nor dream that awestruck Time shall save
Their labour while we sleep.

Dear-bought and clear, a thousand year,
Our fathers' title runs.
Make we likewise their sacrifice,
Defrauding not our sons!

THE STORY OF UNG

ONCE, on a glittering ice-field, ages and ages ago,
Ung, a maker of pictures, fashioned an image of snow.
Fashioned the form of a tribesman—gaily he whistled
and sung,
Working the snow with his fingers. *Read ye the story
of Ung!*

Pleased was his Tribe with that image—came in their
hundreds to scan—
Handled it, smelt it, and grunted: “Verily, this is a
man!
“Thus do we carry our lances—thus is a war-belt slung.
“Lo! it is even as we are. Glory and honour to Ung!”

Later he pictured an aurochs—later he pictured a bear—
Pictured the sabre-tooth tiger dragging a man to his
lair—

Pictured the mountainous mammoth, hairy, abhorrent,
alone—

Out of the love that he bore them, scriving them clearly
on bone.

Swift came his Tribe to behold them, peering and push-
ing and still—

Men of the berg-battered beaches, men of the boulder-
hatched hill—

Hunters and fishers and trappers, presently whispering
low:

“Yea, they are like—and it may be. But how does
the Picture-man know?

“Ung—hath he slept with the Aurochs—watched where
the Mastodon roam?

“Spoke on the ice with the Bow-head—followed the
Sabre-tooth home?

“Nay! These are toys of his fancy! If he have
cheated us so,

“How is there truth in his image—the Man that he
fashioned of snow?”

Wroth was that maker of pictures—hotly he answered
the call:

“Hunters and fishers and trappers, children and fools
are ye all!

“Look at the beasts when ye hunt them!” Swift
from the tumult he broke,

Ran to the cave of his father and told him the shame
that they spoke.

And the father of Ung gave answer, that was old and
wise in the craft,

Maker of pictures aforetime, he leaned on his lance and
laughed

“If they could see as thou seest they would do what
thou hast done,

“And each man would make him a picture, and—what
would become of my son?

“There would be no pelts of the reindeer, flung down
at thy cave for a gift,

“Nor dole of the oily timber that comes on the Baltic
drift;

“No store of well-drilled needles, nor ouches of amber pale;

“No new-cut tongues of the bison, nor meat of the stranded whale.

“*Thou* hast not toiled at the fishing when the sodden trammels freeze,

“Nor worked the war-boats outward through the rush of the rock-staked seas;

“Yet they bring thee fish and plunder—full meal and an easy bed—

“And all for the sake of thy pictures.” And Ung held down his head.

“*Thou* hast not stood to the Aurochs when the red snow reeks of the fight.

“Men have no time at the houghing to count his curls aright.

“And the heart of the hairy Mammoth, thou sayest, they do not see,

“Yet they save it whole from the beaches and broil the best for thee.

“And now do they press to thy pictures, with opened
mouth and eye,

“And a little gift in the doorway, and the praise no gift
can buy:

“But—sure they have doubted thy pictures, and that is
a grievous stain—

“Son that can see so clearly, return them their gifts
again!”

And Ung looked down at his deerskins—their broad
shell-tasselled bands—

And Ung drew forward his mittens and looked at his
naked hands;

And he gloved himself and departed, and he heard his
father, behind:

“Son that can see so clearly, rejoice that thy Tribe is
blind!”

Straight on the glittering ice-field, by the caves of the
lost Dordogne,

Ung, a maker of pictures, fell to his scriving on bone—
Even to mammoth editions. Gaily he whistled and sung,
Blessing his Tribe for their blindness. *Heed ye the Story
of Ung!*

A SMUGGLER'S SONG

If you wake at midnight, and hear a horse's feet,
Don't go drawing back the blind, or looking in the street,
Them that ask no questions isn't told a lie.
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

Five and twenty ponies,
Trotting through the dark—
Brandy for the Parson,
'Baccy for the Clerk;
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,
And watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen
go by!

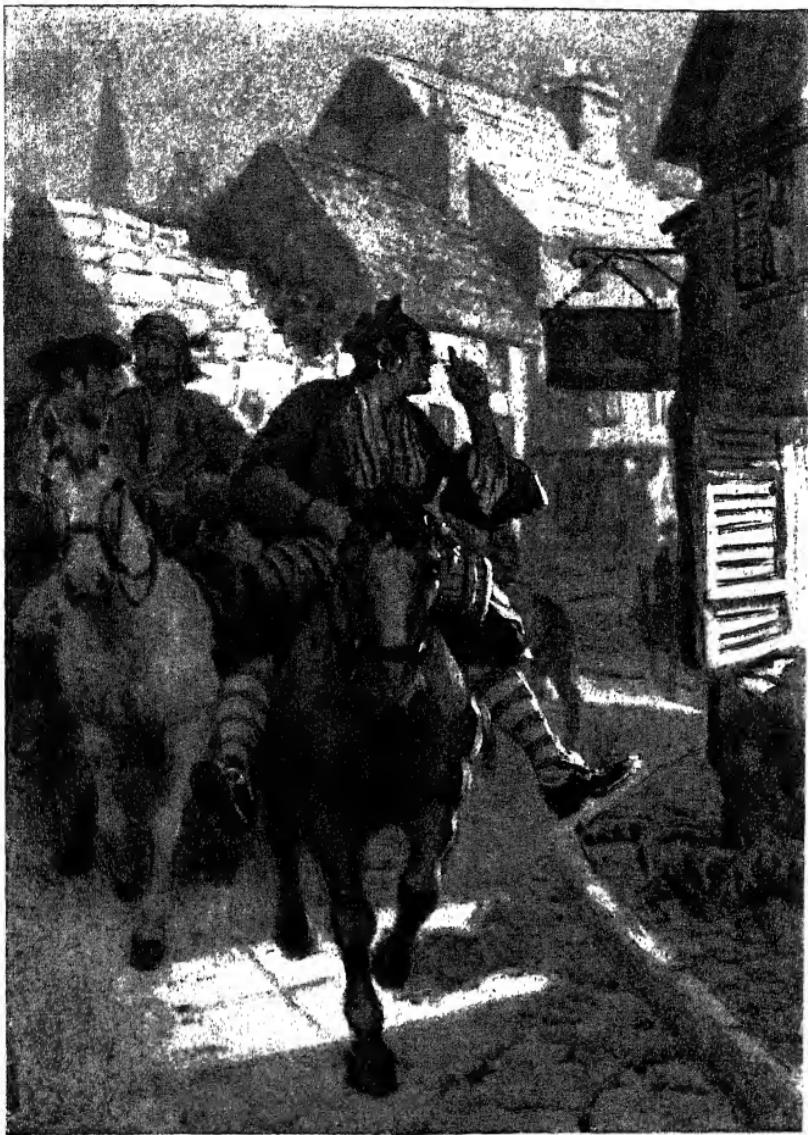
Running round the woodlump if you chance to find
Little barrels, roped and tarred, all full of brandy-wine,
Don't you shout to come and look, nor use 'em for your
play.
Put the brishwood back again—and they'll be gone
next day!

If you see the stable-door setting open wide;
If you see a tired horse lying down inside;
If your mother mends a coat cut about and tore;
If the lining's wet and warm—don't you ask no more!

If you meet King George's men, dressed in blue and red,
You be careful what you say, and mindful what is said
If they call you "pretty maid," and chuck you 'neath
the chin,
Don't you tell where no one is, nor yet where no one's
been!

Knocks and footsteps round the house—whistles after
dark—
You've no call for running out till the house-dogs bark.
Trusty's here, and *Pincher's* here, and see how dumb
they lie—
They don't fret to follow when the Gentlemen go by!

If you do as you've been told, 'likely there's a chance,
You'll be give a dainty doll, all the way from France,



A Smuggler's Song

With a cap of Valenciennes, and a velvet hood—
A present from the Gentlemen, along o' being good!

Five and twenty ponies,
Trotting through the dark—
Brandy for the Parson,
'Baccy for the Clerk.

Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie—
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

A SONG IN STORM

1914-18

BE WELL assured that on our side
The abiding oceans fight,
Though headlong wind and heaping tide
Make us their sport to-night.
By force of weather not of war
In jeopardy we steer:
Then welcome Fate's courtesy
Whereby it shall appear,
How, in all time of our distress,
And our deliverance too,
The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew!

Out of the mist into the mirk
The glimmering combers roll.
Almost these mindless waters work
As though they had a soul—

Almost as though they leagued towhelm
Our flag beneath their green:
Then welcome Fate's courtesy
Whereby it shall be seen, etc.

Be well assured, though wave and wind
Have mightier blows in store,
That we who keep the watch assigned
Must stand to it the more;
And as our streaming bows rebuke
Each billow's baulked career,
Sing, welcome Fate's courtesy
Whereby it is made clear, etc.

No matter though our decks be swept
And mast and timber crack—
We can make good all loss except
The loss of turning back.
So, 'twixt these Devils and our deep
Let courteous trumpets sound,
To welcome Fate's courtesy
Whereby it will be found, etc.

Be well assured, though in our power
Is nothing left to give
But chance and place to meet the hour,
And leave to strive to live,
Till these dissolve our Order holds,
Our Service binds us here.
Then welcome Fate's courtesy
Whereby it is made clear,
How in all time of our distress,
As in our triumph too,
The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew!

THE KING'S TASK

AFTER the sack of the City when Rome was sunk to a
name

In the years that the lights were darkened, or ever St.
Wilfrid came

Low on the borders of Britain (the ancient poets sing)
Between the Cliff and the Forest there ruled a Saxon
King.

Stubborn all were his people from cottar to overlord—
Not to be cowed by the cudgel, scarce to be schooled by
the sword;

Quick to turn at their pleasure, cruel to cross in their
mood,

And set on paths of their choosing as the hogs of An-
dred's Wood.

Laws they made in the Witan—the laws of flaying and
fine—

Common, loppage and pannage, the theft and the track
of kine—

Statutes of tun and of market for the fish and the malt
and the meal—

The tax on the Bramber packhorse and the tax on the
Hastings keel.

Over the graves of the Druids and under the wreck of
Rome

Rudely but surely they bedded the plinth of the days to
come.

Behind the feet of the Legions and before the Norse-
man's ire

Rudely but greatly begat they the framing of State and
Shire.

Rudely but deeply they laboured, and their labour stands
till now,

If we trace on our ancient headlands the twist of their
eight-ox plough. . . .

There came a king from Hamtun, by Bosenham he came,
He filled Use with slaughter, and Lewes he gave to flame.
He smote while they sat in the Witan—sudden he smote
and sore,

That his fleet was gathered at Selsea ere they mustered
at Cymen's Ore.

Blithe went the Saxons to battle, by down and wood and
mere,

But thrice the acorns ripened ere the Western Mark was
clear.

Thrice was the beechmast gathered, and the Beltane
fires burned

Thrice, and the beeves were salted thrice ere the host
returned.

They drove that king from Hamtun, by Bosenham o'er-
thrown,

Out of Ruginor to Wilton they made his land their own—
Camps they builded at Gilling, at Basing and Alresford,

But wrath abode in the Saxons from cottar to overlord.

Wrath at the weary war-game, at the foe that snapped
and ran

Wolf-wise feigning and flying, and wolf-wise snatching
his man.

Wrath for their spears unready, their levies new to the
blades—

Shame for the helpless sieges and the scornful ambuscades.

At hearth and tavern and market, wherever the tale was
told,

Shame and wrath had the Saxons because of their boast
of old.

And some would drink and deny it, and some would
pray and atone;

But the most part, after their anger, avouched that the sin was their own.

Wherefore, girding together, up to the Witan they came,
And as they had shouldered their bucklers so did they shoulder their blame.

For that was the wont of the Saxons (the ancient poets sing),

And first they spoke in the Witan and then they spoke to the King:

“Edward King of the Saxons, thou knowest, from sire to son,

“One is the King and his People—in gain and ungain one.

“Count we the gain together. With doubtings and spread dismayes

“We have broken a foolish people—but after many days

“Count we the loss together. Warlocks hampered our arms.

“We were tricked as by magic, we were turned as by charms.

“We went down to the battle and the road was plain to keep,

“But our angry eyes were holden, and we struck as they strike in sleep—

- "Men new shaken from slumber, sweating, with eyes
 a-stare
- "Little blows and uncertain dealt on the useless air.
- "Also a vision betrayed us and a lying tale made bold
- "That we looked to hold what we had not and to have
 what we did not hold:
- "That a shield should give us shelter—that a sword
 should give us power—
- "A shield snatched up at a venture and a hilt scarce
 handled an hour:
- "That being rich in the open, we should be strong in
 the close—
- "And the Gods would sell us a cunning for the day that
 we met our foes.
- "This was the work of wizards, but not with our foe
 they bide.
- "In our own camp we took them, and their names are
 Sloth and Pride.
- "Our pride was before the battle, our sloth ere we
 lifted spear,
- "But hid in the heart of the people as the fever hides in
 the mere,
- "Waiting only the war-game, the heat of the strife to
 rise

- “As theague fumes round Oxeney when the rotting
reed-bed dries.
- “But now we are purged of that fever—cleansed by the
letting of blood,
- “Something leaner of body—something keener of mood.
- “And the men new-freed from the levies return to the
fields again,
- “Matching a hundred battles, cottar and lord and thane.
- “And they talk loud in the temples where the ancient
War-gods are.
- “They thumb and mock and belittle the holy harness of
War.
- “They jest at the sacred chariots, the robes and the
gilded staff.
- “These things fill them with laughter, they lean on
their spears and laugh.
- “The men grown old in the war-game, hither and
thither they range—
- “And scorn and laughter together are sire and dam of
change;
- “And change may be good or evil—but we know not
what it will bring,
- “Therefore our King must teach us. *That* is thy task,
O King!”

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THE LAST CHANTEY

"And there was no more sea."

THUS said the Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim,
Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree:
 “Lo! Earth has passed away
 On the smoke of Judgment Day.
That Our Word may be established shall We gather
 up the Sea?”

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:
 “Plague upon the hurricane that made us furl and flee
 But the war is done between us,
 In the deep the Lord hath seen us—
Our bones we'll leave the barracout', and God may
 sink the Sea!”

Then said the soul of Judas that betrayed Him:
“Lord, hast Thou forgotten Thy covenant with me?
How once a year I go
To cool me on the floe?
And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take away the
Sea.”

Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-shore Wind:
(He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouthed
breakers flee):
“I have watch and ward to keep
O'er Thy wonders on the deep,
And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye take away
the Sea!”

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:
“Nay, but we were angry, and a hasty folk are we.
If we worked the ship together
Till she foundered in foul weather,
Are we babes that we should clamour for a vengeance
on the Sea?”

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw overboard:

“Kennelled in the picaroon a weary band were we;
But Thy Arm was strong to save,
And It touched us on the wave,
And we drowsed the long tides idle till Thy Trumpets
tore the Sea.”

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God:

“Once we frapped a ship, and she laboured woundily.
There were fourteen score of these,
And they blessed Thee on their knees,
When they learned Thy Grace and Glory under
Malta by the sea!”

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily:
“Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
And the tune is something hard—
May we lift a Deepsea Chantey such as seamen use
at sea?”

Then said the souls of the gentlemen adventurers—

Fettered wrist-to-bar all for red iniquity:

“Ho, we revel in our chains

O'er the sorrow that was Spain's;

Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of
the Sea!”

Up spake the soul of a grey Gothavn 'speckshioner—

(He that led the flenching in the fleets of fair Dundee):

“Oh, the ice-blink white and near,

And the bowhead breaching clear!

Will Ye whelm them all for wantonness that wallow
in the Sea?”

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,

Crying: “Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor
lee!

Must we sing for evermore

On the windless, glassy floor?

Take back your golden fiddles, and we'll beat to open
sea!”

Then stooped the Lord, and He called the good Sea up
to Him,
And 'stablishèd its borders unto all eternity,
That such as have no pleasure
For to praise the Lord by measure,
They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the Sea.

*Sun, Wind, and Cloud shall fail not from the face of it,
Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar flying free;
And the ships shall go abroad
To the Glory of the Lord
Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them back their
Sea!*

THE BALLAD OF MINEPIT SHAW

About the time that taverns shut
And men can buy no beer,
Two lads went up to the keepers' hut
To steal Lord Pelham's deer.

Night and the liquor was in their heads—
They laughed and talked no bounds,
Till they waked the keepers on their beds
And the keepers loosed the hounds.

They had killed a hart, they had killed a hind,
Ready to carry away,
When they heard a whimper down the wind
And they heard a bloodhound bay.

They took and ran across the fern,
Their crossbows in their hand,
Till they met a man with a green lantern
That called and bade 'em stand.

“What are you doing, O Flesh and Blood,
And what’s your foolish will,
That you must break into Minepit Wood
And wake the Folk of the Hill?”

“Oh, we’ve broke into Lord Pelham’s park,
And killed Lord Pelham’s deer,
And if ever you heard a little dog bark
You’ll know why we come here.

“We ask you let us go our way,
As fast as we can flee,
For if ever you heard a bloodhound bay
You’ll know how pressed we be.”

“Oh, lay your crossbows on the bank,
And drop the knife from your hand,
And though the hounds are at your flank
I’ll save you where you stand!”

They laid their crossbows on the bank,
They threw their knives in the wood;
And the ground before them opened and sank
And saved ’em where they stood.

“Oh, what’s the roaring in our ears
That strikes us well-nigh dumb?”

“Oh, that is just how things appears,
According as they come.”

“What are the stars before our eyes
That strike us well-nigh blind?”

“Oh, that is just how things arise,
According as you find.”

“And why’s our bed so hard to the bones
Excepting where it’s cold?”

“Oh, that’s because it is precious stones
Excepting where ’tis gold.

“Think it over as you stand,
For I tell you without fail,
If you haven’t got into Fairyland
You’re not in Lewes Gaol.”

All night long they thought of it,
And, come the dawn, they saw
They’d tumbled into a great old pit,
At the bottom of Minepit Shaw.

THE BALLAD OF MINEPIT SHAW 101

And the keeper's hound had followed 'em close,
And broke her neck in the fall;
So they picked up their knives and their crossbows
And buried the dog. That's all.

But whether the man was a poacher too
Or a Pharisee¹ so bold—
I reckon there's more things told than are true,
And more things true than are told!

¹ A fairy.

SONG OF THE MEN'S SIDE

(Neolithic)

ONCE we feared The Beast—when he followed us we
ran,
Ran very fast though we knew
It was not right that The Beast should master Man;
But what could we Flint-workers do?
The Beast only grinned at our spears round his ears—
Grinned at the hammers that we made;
But now we will hunt him for the life with the Knife—
And this is the Buyer of the Blade!

*Room for his shadow on the grass—let it pass!
To left and right—stand clear!
This is the Buyer of the Blade—be afraid!
This is the great God Tyr!*

Tyr thought hard till he hammered out a plan,
For he knew it was not right
(And it *is* not right) that The Beast should master Man;
So he went to the Children of the Night.
He begged a Magic Knife of their make for our sake.
When he begged for the Knife they said:
“The price of the Knife you would buy is an eye!”
And that was the price he paid!

*Tell it to the Barrows of the Dead—run ahead!
Shout it so the Women’s Side can hear!
This is the Buyer of the Blade—be afraid!
This is the great God Tyr!*

Our women and our little ones may walk on the Chalk,
As far as we can see them and beyond.
We shall not be anxious for our sheep when we keep
Tally at the shearing-pond.
We can eat with both our elbows on our knees, if we please,
We can sleep after meals in the sun,
For Shepherd of the Twilight is dismayed at the Blade,
Feet-in-the-Night have run!
Dog-without-a-Master goes away (Hai, Tyr, aie!),
Devil-in-the-Dusk has run!

Then:

Room for his shadow on the grass—let it pass!

To left and right—stand clear!

This is the Buyer of the Blade—be afraid!

This is the great God Tyr!

RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

*Away by the lands of the Japanees,
Where the paper lanterns glow
And the crews of all the shipping drink
In the house of Blood Street Joe,
At twilight when the landward breeze
Brings up the harbour noise,
And ebb of Yokohama Bay
Swigs chattering through the buoys,
In Cisco's Dewdrop Dining Rooms
They tell the tale anew
Of a hidden sea and a hidden fight,
When the Baltic ran from the Northern Light
And the Stralsund fought the two.*

Now this is the Law of the Muscovite, that he proves
with shot and steel,
When you come by his isles in the Smoky Sea you must
not take the seal,

Where the grey sea goes nakedly between the weed-hung shelves

And the little blue fox he is bred for his skin, and the seal they breed for themselves.

For when the *matkas*¹ seek the shore to drop their pups aland,

The great man-seal haul out of the sea, a-roaring, band by band.

And when the first September gales have slaked their rutting-wrath,

The great man-seal haul back to the sea and no man knows their path.

Then dark they lie and stark they lie—rookery, dune, and floe,

And the Northern Lights come down o' nights to dance with the houseless snow;

(And God Who clears the grounding berg and steers the grinding floe,

He hears the cry of the little kit-fox and the wind along the snow.)

But since our women must walk gay and money buys their gear,

¹She-seal.

The sealing-boats they filch that way at hazard year by year.

English they be and Japanee that hang on the Brown Bear's flank,

And some be Scot, but the worst of the lot, and the boldest thieves, are Yank!

It was the sealer *Northern Light*, to the Smoky Seas she bore.

With a stovepipe stuck from a starboard port and the Russian flag at her fore.

(*Baltic*, *Stralsund*, and *Northern Light*—oh! they were birds of a feather—

Slipping away to the Smoky Seas, three seal-thieves together!)

And at last she came to a sandy cove and the *Baltic* lay therein,

But her men were up with the herding seal to drive and club and skin.

There were fifteen hundred skins abeach, cool pelt and proper fur,

When the *Northern Light* drove into the bight and the sea-mist drove with her.

The *Baltic* called her men and weighed—she could not choose but run—

For a stovepipe seen through the closing mist, it shows like a four-inch gun

(And loss it is that is sad as death to lose both trips and ship

And lie for a rotting contraband on Vladivostok slip.)

She turned and dived in the sea-smother as a rabbit dives in the whins,

And the *Northern Light* sent up her boats to steal the stolen skins.

They had not brought a load to side or slid their hatches clear,

When they were aware of a sloop-of-war, ghost-white and very near.

Her flag she showed, and her guns she showed—three of them, black, abeam,

And a funnel white with the crusted salt, but never a show of steam.

There was no time to man the brakes, they knocked the shackle free,

And the *Northern Light* stood out again, goose-winged to open sea.

(For life it is that is worse than death, by force of Russian law

To work in the mines of mercury that loose the teeth
in your jaw.)

They had not run a mile from shore—they heard no
shots behind—

When the skipper smote his hand on his thigh and threw
her up in the wind:

“Bluffed—raised out on a bluff,” said he, “for if my
name’s Tom Hall,

“You must set a thief to catch a thief—and a thief has
caught us all!

“By every butt in Oregon and every spar in Maine,

“The hand that spilled the wind from her sail was the
hand of Reuben Paine!

“He has rigged and trigated her with paint and spar,
and, faith, he has faked her well—

“But I’d know the *Stralsund*’s deckhouse yet from here
to the booms o’ Hell!

“Oh, once we ha’ met at Baltimore, and twice on
Boston pier,

“But the sickest day for you, Reuben Paine, was the
day that you came here—

"The day that you came here, my lad, to scare us from
our seal

"With your funnel made o' painted cloth, and your
guns o' rotten deal!

"Ring and blow for the *Baltic* now, and head her back
to the bay,

"And we'll come into the game again—with a double
deck to play!"

They rang and blew the sealers' call—the poaching-cry
of the sea—

And they raised the *Baltic* out of the mist, and an angry
ship was she.

And blind they groped through the whirling white and
blind to the bay again,

Till they heard the creak of the *Stralsund's* boom and
the clank of her mooring chain.

They laid them down by bitt and boat, their pistols in
their belts,

And: "Will you fight for it, Reuben Paine, or will
you share the pelts?"

A dog-toothed laugh laughed Reuben Paine, and bared
his fletching-knife.

“Yea, skin for skin, and all that he hath a man will give
for his life;

“But I’ve six thousand skins below, and Yeddo Port to see,

“And there’s never a law of God or man runs north of
Fifty-three:

“So go in peace to the naked seas with empty holds to fill,

“And I’ll be good to your seal this catch, as many as I
shall kill!”

Answered the snap of a closing lock—the jar of a gun-
butt slid,

But the tender fog shut fold on fold to hide the wrong
they did.

The weeping fog rolled fold on fold the wrath of man
to cloak,

As the flame-spurts pale ran down the rail and the seal-
ing-rifles spoke.

The bullets bit on bend and butt, the splinter slivered free
(Little they trust to sparrow-dust who stop the seal in
his sea!)

The thick smoke hung and would not shift, leaden it
lay and blue,

But three were down on the *Baltic*’s deck and two of
the *Stralsund*’s crew.

An arm's length out and overside the banked fog held
them bound,

But, as they heard or groan or word, they fired at the
sound.

For one cried out on the Name of God, and one to have
him cease,

And the questing volley found them both and bade them
hold their peace.

And one called out on a heathen joss and one on the
Virgin's Name,

And the schooling bullet leaped across and led them
whence they came.

And in the waiting silences the rudder whined be-
neath,

And each man drew his watchful breath slow-taken
'tween the teeth—

Trigger and ear and eye acock, knit brow and hard-
drawn lips—

Bracing his feet by chock and cleat for the rolling of the
ships.

Till they heard the cough of a wounded man that fought
in the fog for breath,

Till they heard the torment of Reuben Paine that wailed
upon his death:

“The tides they’ll go through Fundy Race, but I’ll go
never more

“And see the hogs from ebb-tide mark turn scampering
back to shore.

“No more I’ll see the trawlers drift below the Bass
Rock ground,

“Or watch the tall Fall steamer lights tear blazing up
the Sound.

“Sorrow is me, in a lonely sea and a sinful fight I fall,
“But if there’s law o’ God or man you’ll swing for it
yet, Tom Hall!”

Tom Hall stood up by the quarter-rail. “Your words
in your teeth,” said he.

“There’s never a law of God or man runs north of
Fifty-three.

“So go in grace with Him to face, and an ill-spent life
behind,

“And I’ll be good to your widows, Rube, as many as I
shall find.”

A *Stralsund* man shot blind and large, and a warlock
Finn was he,

And he hit Tom Hall with a bursting ball a hand’s-
breadth over the knee.

Tom Hali caught hold by the topping-lift, and sat him down with an oath,

"You'll wait a little, Rube," he said, "the Devil has called for both.

"The Devil is driving both this tide, and the killing-grounds are close,

"And we'll go up to the Wrath of God as the hollus-chickie¹ goes.

"O men, put back your guns again and lay your rifles by,

"We've fought our fight, and the best are down. Let up and let us die!

"Quit firing, by the bow there—quit! Call off the *Baltic's* crew!

"You're sure of Hell as me or Rube—but wait till we get through."

There went no word between the ships but thick and quick and loud

The life-blood drummed on the dripping decks, with the fog-dew from the shroud,

The sea-pull drew them side by side, gunnel to gunnel laid,

And they felt the sheer-strakes pound and clear, but never a word was said.

¹The young seal.

Then Reuben Paine cried out again before his spirit passed:

"Have I followed the sea for thirty years to die in the dark at last?

"Curse on her work that has nipped me here with a shifty trick unkind—

"I have gotten my death where I got my bread, but I dare not face it blind.

"Curse on the fog! Is there never a wind of all the winds I knew

"To clear the smother from off my chest, and let me look at the blue?"

The good fog heard—like a splitten sail, to left and right she tore,

And they saw the sun-dogs in the haze and the seal upon the shore.

Silver and grey ran spit and bay to meet the steel-backed tide,

And pinched and white in the clearing light the crews stared overside.

O rainbow-gay the red pools lay that swilled and spilled and spread,

And gold, raw gold, the spent shell rolled between the careless dead—

The dead that rocked so drunkenwise to weather and to
lee;

And they saw the work their hands had done as God
had bade them see!

And a little breeze blew over the rail that made the
headsails lift,

But no man stood by wheel or sheet, and they let the
schooners drift.

And the rattle rose in Reuben's throat and he cast his
soul with a cry,

And "Gone already?" Tom Hall he said. "Then it's
time for me to die."

His eyes were heavy with great sleep and yearning for
the land,

And he spoke as a man that talks in dreams, his wound
beneath his hand.

"Oh, there comes no good o' the westering wind that
backs against the sun;

"Wash down the decks—they're all too red—and share
the skins and run,

"*Baltic, Stralsund, and Northern Light*—clean share and
share for all,

“You’ll find the fleets off Tolstoi Mees, but you will
not find Tom Hall.

“Evil he did in shoal-water and blacker sin on the deep,
“But now he’s sick of watch and trick and now he’ll
turn and sleep.

“He’ll have no more of the crawling sea that made him
suffer so,

“But he’ll lie down on the killing-grounds where the
holluschickie go.

“And west you’ll sail and south again, beyond the sea-
fog’s rim,

“And tell the Yoshiwara girls to burn a stick for him.

“And you’ll not weight him by the heels and dump
him overside,

“But carry him up to the sand-hollows, to die as Bering
died,

“And make a place for Reuben Paine that knows the
fight was fair,

“And leave the two that did the wrong to talk it over
there!”

*Half-steam ahead by guess and lead, for the sun is mostly
veiled—*

Through fog to fog, by luck and log, sail you as Bering sailed;

*And if the light shall lift aright to give your landfall plain,
North and by west, from Zapne Crest you raise the Crosses
Twain.*

*Fair marks are they to the inner bay, the reckless poacher
knows,*

*What time the scarred see-catchie¹ lead their sleek seraglios.
Ever they hear the floe-pack clear, and the blast of the old
bull-whale,*

*And the deep seal-roar that beats off-shore above the loudest
gale.*

*Ever they wait the winter's hate as the thundering boorga²
calls,*

*Where northward look they to St. George, and westward to
St. Paul's.*

*Ever they greet the hunted fleet—lone keels off headlands
drear—*

*When the sealing-schooners flit that way at hazard year
by year.*

Ever in Yokohama Port men tell the tale anew

Of a hidden sea and a hidden fight,

When the Baltic ran from the Northern Light

And the Stralsund fought the two!

¹The male seal.

²Hurricane.

THE SONS OF MARTHA

THE Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited that good part;
But the Sons of Martha favour their Mother of the careful soul and the troubled heart.
And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude to the Lord her Guest,
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world without end, reprieve, or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock.
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock.
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main.

They say to mountains, "Be ye removèd." They say
to the lesser floods, "Be dry."

Under their rods are the rocks reprovèd—they are not
afraid of that which is high.

Then do the hill-tops shake to the summit—then is the
bed of the deep laid bare,

That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly
sleeping and unaware.

They finger death at their gloves' end where they piece
and repiece the living wires.

He rears against the gates they tend: they feed him
hungry behind their fires.

Early at dawn, ere men see clear, they stumble into his
terrible stall,

And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and goad and
turn him till evenfall.

To these from birth is Belief forbidden; from these till
death is Relief afar.

They are concerned with matters hidden—under the
earth-line their altars are:

The secret fountains to follow up, waters withdrawn to
restore to the mouth,
And gather the floods as in a cup, and pour them again
at a city's drouth.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a
little before the nuts work loose.

They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave
their job when they damn-well choose.

As in the thronged and the lighted ways, so in the dark
and the desert they stand,

Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's
days may be long in the land.

Raise ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a path
more fair or flat;

Lo, it is black already with blood some Son of Martha
spilled for that—

Not as a ladder from earth to Heaven, not as a witness
to any creed,

But simple service simply given to his own kind in their
common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessed—they know
the angels are on their side.

They know in them is the Grace confessèd, and for
them are the Mercies multiplied.

They sit at the Feet—they hear the Word—they see
how truly the Promise runs.

They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—the
Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons!

THE JESTER

THERE are three degrees of bliss
At the foot of Allah's Throne
And the highest place is his
Who saves a brother's soul
At peril of his own.
There is the Power made known!

There are three degrees of bliss
In the Gardens of Paradise,
And the second place is his
Who saves his brother's soul
By excellent advice.
For there the Glory lies!

There are three degrees of bliss,
And three abodes of the Blest,

SONGS FOR YOUTH

And the lowest place is his
Who has saved a soul by a jest
And a brother's soul in sport. . . .
But there do the Angels resort!

THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS

THE King has called for priest and cup,
The King has taken spur and blade
To dub True Thomas a belted knight,
And all for the sake o' the songs he made.

They have sought him high, they have sought him low,
They have sought him over down and lea.
They have found him by the milk-white thorn
That guards the Gates o' Faerie.

*'Twas bent beneath and blue above,
Their eyes were held that they might not see,
The kine that grazed beneath the knowes,
Oh, they were the Queens o' Faerie!*

“Now cease your song,” the King he said.
“Oh, cease your song and get you dight
“To vow your vow and watch your arms,
“For I will dub you a belted knight.

"For I will give you a horse o' pride,

"Wi' blazon and spur and page and squire;

"Wi' keep and tail and seizin and law,

"And land to hold at your desire."

True Thomas smiled above his harp,

And turned his face to the naked sky,

Where, blown before the wastrel wind,

The thistle-down she floated by.

"I ha' vowed my vow in another place,

"And bitter oath it was on me.

"I ha' watched my arms the lee-long night,

"Where five-score fighting men would flee.

"My lance is tipped o' the hammered flame,

"My shield is beat o' the moonlight cold;

"And I won my spurs in the Middle World,

"A thousand fathom beneath the mould.

"And what should I make wi' a horse o' pride,

"And what should I make wi' a sword so brown,

"But spill the rings o' the Gentle Folk,

"And flyte my kin in the Fairy Town?

"And what should I make wi' blazon and belt,

"Wi' keep and tail and seizin and fee,

"And what should I do wi' page and squire

"That am a king in my own countrie?

"For I send east and I send west,

"And I send far as my will may flee,

"By dawn and dusk and the drinking rain,

"And syne my Sendings return to me.

"They come wi' news of the groanin' earth,

"They come wi' news o' the roarin' sea,

"Wi' word of Spirit and Ghost and Flesh,

"And Man that's mazed among the three."

The King he bit his nether lip,

And smote his hand upon his knee:

"By the faith o' my soul, True Thomas," he said,

"Ye waste no wit in courtesie!

"As I desire, unto my pride,

"Can I make Earls by three and three,

"To run before and ride behind

"And serve the sons o' my body."

"And what care I for your row-foot earls,

"Or all the sons o' your body?

"Before they win to the Pride o' Name,

"I trow they all ask leave o' me.

"For I make Honour wi' muckle mouth,

"As I make Shame wi' mincin' feet,

"To sing wi' the priests at the market-cross,

"Or run wi' the dogs in the naked street.

"And some they give me the good red gold,

"And some they give me the white monèy,

"And some they give me a clout o' meal,

"For they be people of low degree.

"And the song I sing for the counted gold

"The same I sing for the white monèy,

"But best I sing for the clout o' meal

"That simple people given me."

The King cast down a silver groat,

A silver groat o' Scots monèy,

"If I come wi' a poor man's dole," he said,

"True Thomas, will ye harp to me?"

“Whenas I harp to the children small,
“They press me close on either hand.
“And who are you,” True Thomas said,
“That you should ride while they must stand?

“Light down, light down, from your horse o’ pride,
“I trow ye talk too loud and hie,
“And I will make you a triple word,
“And syne, if ye dare, ye shall ‘noble me.”

He has lighted down from his horse o’ pride,
And set his back against the stone.
“Now guard you well,” True Thomas said,
“Ere I rax your heart from your breast-bone!”

True Thomas played upon his harp,
The fairy harp that couldna lee,
And the first least word the proud King heard,
It harpit the salt tear out o’ his e’e.

“Oh, I see the love that I lost long syne,
“I touch the hope that I may not see,
“And all that I did of hidden shame,
“Like little snakes they hiss at me.

“The sun is lost at noon—at noon!

“The dread o’ doom has grippit me.

“True Thomas, hide me under your cloak,

“God wot, I’m little fit to dee!”

’Twas bent beneath and blue above—

’Twas open field and running flood—

Where, hot on heath and dyke and wall,

The high sun warmed the adder’s brood.

“Lie down, lie down,” True Thomas said.

“The God shall judge when all is done,

“But I will bring you a better word

“And lift the cloud that I laid on.”

True Thomas played upon his harp,

That birled and brattled to his hand,

And the next least word True Thomas made,

It garred the King take horse and brand.

“Oh, I hear the tread o’ the fighting-men,

“I see the sun on splent and spear.

“I mark the arrow outen the fern

“That flies so low and sings so clear!

“Advance my standards to that war,
“And bid my good knights prick and ride;
“The gled shall watch as fierce a fight
“As e'er was fought on the Border side!”

*’Twas bent beneath and blue above,
’Twas nodding grass and naked sky,
Where, ringing up the wastrel wind,
The eyass stooped upon the pye.*

True Thomas sighed above his harp,
And turned the song on the midmost string;
And the last least word True Thomas made,
He harpit his dead youth back to the King.

“Now I am prince, and I do well
“To love my love withouten fear;
“To walk with man in fellowship,
“And breathe my horse behind the deer.

“My hounds they bay unto the death,
“The buck has couched beyond the burn,
“My love she waits at her window
“To wash my hands when I return.

“For that I live am I content
“(Oh! I have seen my true-love’s eyes)
“To stand wi’ Adam in Eden-glade,
“And run in the woods o’ Paradise!”

*’Twas naked sky and nodding grass,
’Twas running flood and wastrel wind,
Where, checked against the open pass,
The red deer turned to wait the hind.*

True Thomas laid his harp away,
And louted low at the saddle-side;
He has taken stirrup and hauden rein,
And set the King on his horse o’ pride.

“Sleep ye or wake,” True Thomas said,
“That sit so still, that muse so long?
“Sleep ye or wake?—till the Latter Sleep
“I trow ye’ll not forget my song.

“I ha’ harpit a shadow out o’ the sun
“To stand before your face and cry;
“I ha’ armed the earth beneath your heel,
“And over your head I ha’ dusked the sky.

"I ha' harpit ye up to the Throne o' God,
"I ha' harpit your midmost soul in three;
"I ha' harpit ye down to the Hinges o' Hell,
"And—ye—would—make—a Knight o' me!"

•

KING HENRY VII AND THE SHIPWRIGHTS (A. D. 1487)

HARRY, our King in England, from London town is
gone,
And comen to Hamull on the Hoke, in the Countie of
Suthampton.
For there lay the *Mary of the Tower*, his ship-of-war so
strong;
And he would discover, certaynely, if his shipwrights
did him wrong.

He told not none of his setting forth, nor yet where he
would go,
(But only my Lord of Arundel) and meanly did he show,
In an old jerkin and patched hose that no man might
him mark.
With his frieze hood and cloak above, he looked like any
clerk.

He was at Hamull on the Hoke about the hour of the tide,

And saw the *Mary* haled into dock, the winter to abide,
With all her tackle and habiliments which are the King
his own;

But then ran on his false shipwrights and stripped her to
the bone.

They heaved the main-mast overboard, that was of a
rusty tree,

And they wrote down it was spent and lost by force of
weather at sea.

But they sawen it into planks and strakes as far as it
might go,

To maken beds for their own wives and little children
also.

There was a knave called Slingawai, he crope beneath
the deck,

Crying: "Good felawes, come and see! The ship is
nigh a wreck!

For the storm that took our tall main-mast, it blew so
fierce and fell,

Alack! it hath taken the kettles and pans, and this brass
pott as well!"

With that he set the pott on his head and hied him up
the hatch,

While all the shipwrights ran below to find what they
might snatch;

All except Bob Brygandyne and he was a yeoman good.
He caught Slingawai round the waist and threw him on
to the mud.

"I have taken plank and rope and nail, without the
King his leave,

After the custom of Portesmouth, but I will not suffer a
thief.

Nay, never lift up thy hand at me—there's no clean
hands in the trade.

Steal in measure," quo' Brygandyne. "There's measure
in all things made!"

"Gramercy, yeoman!" said our King. "Thy council
liketh me."

And he pulled a whistle out of his neck and whistled
whistles three.

Then came my Lord of Arundel pricking across the down,
And behind him the Mayor and Burgesses of merry
Suthampton town.

KING HENRY VII AND THE SHIPWRIGHTS 137

They drew the naughty shipwrights up, with the kettles
in their hands.

And bound them round the forecastle to wait the King's
commands.

But "Sith ye have made your beds," said the King, "ye
needs must lie thereon.

For the sake of your wives and little ones—felawes, get
you gone!"

When they had beaten Slingawai, out of his own lips
Our King appointed Brygandyne to be Clerk of all his
ships.

"Nay, never lift up thy hands to me—there's no clean
hands in the trade.

But steal in measure," said Harry our King. "There's
measure in all things made!"

*God speed the Mary of the Tower, the Sovereign, and
Grace Dieu,*

*The Sweepstakes and the Mary Fortune, and the Henry
of Bristol too!*

*All tall ships that sail on the sea, or in our harbours stand,
That they may keep measure with Harry our King and
peace in Engeland!*

“MANDALAY”

BY THE old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,

There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say:

“Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!”

Come you back to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay:

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Thee-baw's Queen,



Mandalay

An' I seed her first a-smoking of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—

Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed
'er where she stud!

On the road to Mandalay. . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was
droppin' slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kulla-lo-lo!*"

With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin' my
cheek

We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak

In the sludgy, squudgy creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf
afraid to speak!

On the road to Mandalay. . . .

But that's all shove be 'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to
Mandalay;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year
soldier tells:

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed
naught else."

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the
tinkly temple-bells;
On the road to Mandalay. . . .

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-
stones,

An' the blasted English drizzle wakes the fever in my
bones;

'Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to
the Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they under-
stand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—

Law! wot do they understand?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land!

On the road to Mandalay. . . .

Ship me somewherees east of Suez, where the best is like
the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man
can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I
would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;
 On the road to Mandalay,
 Where the old Flotilla lay,
 With our sick beneath the awnings when we
 went to Mandalay!
On the road to Mandalay,
 Where the flyin'-fishes play,
 An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
 China 'crost the Bay!

MERROW DOWN

I

THERE runs a road by Merrow Down—
A grassy track to-day it is—
An hour out of Guildford town,
Above the river Wey it is.

Here, when they heard the horse-bells ring,
The ancient Britons dressed and rode
To watch the dark Phœnicians bring
Their goods along the Western Road.

Yes, here, or hereabouts, they met
To hold their racial talks and such—
To barter beads for Whitby jet,
And tin for gay shell torques and such.

But long and long before that time
(When bison used to roam on it)
Did Taffy and her Daddy climb
That Down, and had their home on it.

Then beavers built in Broadstonebrook
And made a swamp where Bramley stands;
And bears from Shere would come and look
For Taffimai where Shamley stands.

The Wey, that Taffy called Wagai,
Was more than six times bigger then;
And all the Tribe of Tegumai
They cut a noble figure then!

II

Of all the Tribe of Tegumai
Who cut that figure, none remain,—
On Merrow Down the cuckoos cry—
The silence and the sun remain.

But as the faithful years return
And hearts unwounded sing again,
Comes Taffy dancing through the fern
To lead the Surrey spring again.

Her brows are bound with bracken-fronds
And golden elf-locks fly above;
Her eyes are bright as diamonds
And bluer than the sky above.

SONGS FOR YOUTH

In moccasin and deer-skin cloak,
Unfearing, free and fair she flits,
And lights her little damp-wood smoke
To show her Daddy where she flits.

For far—oh, very far behind,
So far she cannot call to him,
Comes Tegumai alone to find
The daughter that was all to him!

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting
Winds are loose—

Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whis-
per of the Trues,

Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!
Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched
the black-tail mating?

Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?
Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouan-
anie is waiting,

Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?

He must go—go—go away from here!

On the other side the world he's overdue,

*'Send your road is clear before you when the old
Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!*

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow
round the bow,

And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose
waits the cow,

And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.

Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath
heard the birch-log burning?

Who is quick to read the noises of the night?

Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's
feet are turning

To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

Let him go—go, etc.

I

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know that
racing stream

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may
bask and dream

To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and
traces,

To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—

To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on
our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

They must go—go, etc.

II

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are steep
and short,
Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers ride?
Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of
your port
On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?
It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bale
her—
Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.
He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and sail
and sail her,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

III

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade—

Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?

Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented glade

When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through?

It is there that I am going with my camphor, net, and boxes,

To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—

To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-foxes,

For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

IV

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift

Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change?

Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift,

While the head of heads is feeding out of range?

It is there that I am going, where the boulders and the
snow lie,

With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.

I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of Ovis
Poli,

And the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the Smokes
of the Council rise—

Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they
choose—

Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack
their last supplies:

Now our Young Men go to dance before the Trues.

Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light
them to that shrine?

Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?

Unto each his voice and vision: unto each his spoor
and sign—

Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath
'neath the Line—

And to each a man that knows his naked soul!

White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting, as a
lover,

Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—
Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring
flats discover—

Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-boat
brings the rover—

Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . . Quick!
ah, heave the camp-kit over,
For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

And we go—go—go away from here!

On the other side the world we're overdue!

*'Send your road is clear before you when the old
Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!*

SONG OF THE RED WAR-BOAT

(A. D. 683)

SHOVE off from the wharf-edge! Steady!
Watch for a smooth! Give way!
If she feels the lop already
She'll stand on her head in the bay.
It's ebb—it's dusk—it's blowing
The shoals are a mile of white,
But (snatch her along!) we're going
To find our master to-night.

*For we hold that in all disaster
Of shipwreck, storm, or sword,
A Man must stand by his Master
When once he has pledged his word.*

Raging seas have we rowed in
But we seldom saw them thus,
Our master is angry with Odin—
Odin is angry with us!

SONGS FOR YOUTH

Heavy odds have we taken,
But never before such odds,
The Gods know they are forsaken,
We must risk the wrath of the Gods!

Over the crest she flies from,
Into its hollow she drops,
Cringes and clears her eyes from
The wind-torn breaker-tops,
Ere out on the shrieking shoulder
Of a hill-high surge she drives.
Meet her! Meet her and hold her!
Pull for your scoundrel lives!

The thunders bellow and clamour
The harm that they mean to do!
There goes Thor's Own Hammer
Cracking the dark in two!
Close! But the blow has missed her,
Here comes the wind of the blow!
Row, or the squall 'll twist her
Broadside on to it!—*Row!*

Hark 'ee, Thor of the Thunder!
We are not here for a jest—
For wager, warfare, or plunder,
Or to put your power to test.
This work is none of our wishing—
We would house at home if we might—
But our master is wrecked out fishing.
We go to find him to-night.

*For we hold that in all disaster—
As the Gods Themselves have said—
A Man must stand by his Master
Till one of the two is dead.*

That is our way of thinking,
Now you can do as you will,
While we try to save her from sinking,
And hold her head to it still. . . .
Bale her and keep her moving,
Or she'll break her back in the trough.
Who said the weather's improving,
And the swells are taking off?

Sodden, and chafed and aching,
Gone in the loins and knees—
No matter—the day is breaking,
And there's far less weight to the seas!
Up mast, and finish baling—
In oars, and out with the mead—
The rest will be two-reef sailing. . . .
That was a night indeed!

*But we hold that in all disaster
(And 'faith, we have found it true!)
If only you stand by your Master,
The Gods will stand by you!*

A TREE SONG

(A. D. 1200)

OF ALL the trees that grow so fair,
Old England to adorn,
Greater are none beneath the Sun,
Than Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.
Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
(All of a Midsummer morn!)
Surely we sing no little thing,
In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn!

Oak of the Clay lived many a day,
Or ever *Æneas* began.
Ash of the Loam was a lady at home,
When Brut was an outlaw man.
Thorn of the Down saw New Troy Town
(From which was London born);
Witness hereby the ancientry
Of Oak, and Ash, and Thorn!

Yew that is old in churchyard-mould,
He breedeth a mighty bow.
Alder for shoes do wise men choose,
And beech for cups also.
But when ye have killed, and your bowl is spilled,
And your shoes are clean outworn,
Back ye must speed for all that ye need,
To Oak, and Ash, and Thorn!

Ellum she hateth mankind, and waiteth
Till every gust be laid,
To drop a limb on the head of him
That anyway trusts her shade:
But whether a lad be sober or sad,
Or mellow with ale from the horn,
He will take no wrong when he lieth along
'Neath Oak, and Ash, and Thorn!

Oh, do not tell the Priest our plight,
Or he would call it a sin;
But—we have been out in the woods all night,
A-conjuring Summer in!

And we bring you news by word of mouth—
 Good news for cattle and corn—
Now is the Sun come up from the South,
 With Oak, and Ash, and Thorn!

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
 (All of a Midsummer morn)!
England shall bide till Judgment Tide,
 By Oak, and Ash, and Thorn!

THE OVERLAND MAIL

(Foot-service to the Hills in India)

IN THE name of the Empress of India, make way,
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam,
The woods are astir at the close of the day—
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
Let the robber retreat—let the tiger turn tail—
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,
He turns to the footpath that heads up the hill—
The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waistbelt, the Post Office bill:—
“Despatched on this date, as received by the rail,
“*Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail.*”

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.
Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by
the cliff.

Does the tempest cry halt? What are tempests to him?
The service allows not a "but" or an "if."
While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without fail,
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir,
From level to upland, from upland to crest,
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to spur,
Fly the soft-sandalled feet, strains the brown naked
chest.
From rail to ravine—to the peak from the vale—
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road—
A jingle of bells on the footpath below—
There's a scuffle above in the monkeys' abode—
The world is awake and the clouds are aglow.
For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail:—
"In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!"

THE LOWESTOFT BOAT

(*East Coast Patrols*)

1914-18

IN LOWESTOFT a boat was laid,
Mark well what I do say!
And she was built for the herring trade,
But she has gone a-rovin', a-rovin', a-rovin',
The Lord knows where!

They gave her Government coal to burn,
And a Q. F. gun at bow and stern,
And sent her out a-rovin', etc.

Her skipper was mate of a bucko ship
Which always killed one man per trip,
So he is used to rovin', etc.

Her mate was skipper of a chapel in Wales,
And so he fights in topper and tails—
Religi-ous tho' rovin', etc.

Her engineer is fifty-eight,
So *he's* prepared to meet his fate,
Which ain't unlikely rovin', etc.

Her leading-stoker's seventeen,
So he don't know what the Judgments mean,
Unless he cops 'em rovin', etc.

Her cook was chef in the Lost Dogs' Home
Mark well what I do say!
And I'm sorry for Fritz when they all come
A-rovin', a-rovin', a-roarin', and a-rovin',
Round the North Sea rovin',
The Lord knows where!

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile—

You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—

You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,

And play it in the Equatorial swamp.

I travel with the cooking-pots and pails—

I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork—

And when the dusty column checks and tails,

You should hear me spur the rearguard to a walk!

With my "*Pilly-willy-winky-winky-popp!*"

[Oh, it's any tune that comes into my head!]

So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop;

So I play 'em up to water and to bed.

In the silence of the camp before the fight,

When it's good to make your will and say your prayer,

You can hear my *strumpty-tumpty* overnight,

Explaining ten to one was always fair.

I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain—
And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred,
Give me time to change my leg and go again.

With my "*Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tump!*"
In the desert where the dung-fed camp-smoke
curled.
There was never voice before us till I led our lonely
chorus,
I—the war-drum of the White Man round the
world!

By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread,
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own,—
'Mid the riot of the shearers at the shed,
In the silence of the herder's hut alone—
In the twilight, on a bucket upside-down,
Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess—
I am Memory and Torment—I am Town!
I am all that ever went with evening-dress!

With my "*Tunka-tunka-tunka-tunka-tunk!*"
[So the lights—the London Lights—grow near
and plain!]

So I rowel 'em afresh towards the Devil and the
Flesh,
Till I bring my broken rankers home again.

In desire of many marvels over sea,
Where the new-raised tropic city sweats and roars,
I have sailed with Young Ulysses from the quay
Till the anchor rumbled down on stranger shores.
He is blooded to the open and the sky,
He is taken in a snare that shall not fail,
He shall hear me singing strongly, till he die,
Like the shouting of a backstay in a gale.

With my "*Hya! Heeya! Heeya! Hullah! Haul!*"
[Oh the green that thunders aft along the deck!] Are you sick o' towns and men? You must sign
and sail again,
For it's "*Johnny Bowlegs, pack your kit and
trek!*"

Through the gorge that gives the stars at noon-day
clear—
Up the pass that packs the scud beneath our wheel—

Round the bluff that sinks her thousand fathom sheer—
Down the valley with our guttering brakes asqueal:
Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,
Where the many-shedded levels loop and twine.
Hear me lead my reckless children from below
Till we sing the Song of Roland to the pine!

With my "*Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!*"

[Oh the axe has cleared the mountain, croup and
crest!]

And we ride the iron stallions down to drink,
Through the cañons to the waters of the West!

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone—

Common tunes that make you choke and blow your
nose,

Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh that brings the groan—

I can rip your very heartstrings out with those;

With the feasting, and the folly, and the fun—

And the lying, and the lustng, and the drink,

And the merry play that drops you, when you're done,
To the thoughts that burn like irons if you think.

With my "*Plunka-lunka-lunka-lunka-lunk!*"

Here's a trifle on account of pleasure past,

Ere the wit that made you win gives you eyes to
see your sin
And—the heavier repentance at the last!

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—
I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man!
Let the trumpet snare the foeman to the proof—
I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran!
My bray ye may not alter nor mistake
When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things,
But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I make,
Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings?

With my "*Tara-rara-rara-rara-rrrp!*"
[Is it naught to you that hear and pass me by?] But the word—the word is mine, when the order moves the line
And the lean, locked ranks go roaring down to die!

The grandam of my grandam was the Lyre—
[Oh the blue below the little fisher-huts!] That the Stealer stooping beachward filled with fire,
Till she bore my iron head and ringing guts!

By the wisdom of the centuries I speak—
To the tune of yestermorn I set the truth—
I, the joy of life unquestioned—I, the Greek—
I, the everlasting Wonder-song of Youth!

With my “*Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!*”

[What d’ye lack, my noble masters? What d’ye
lack?]

So I draw the world together link by link:
Yea, from Delos up to Limerick and back!

BIG STEAMERS

1914-18

“Oh, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers,
With England’s own coal, up and down the salt seas?”
“We are going to fetch you your bread and your butter,
Your beef, pork, and mutton, eggs, apples, and
cheese.”

“And where will you fetch it from, all you Big Steamers,
And where shall I write you when you are away?”
“We fetch it from Melbourne, Quebec, and Vancouver—
Address us at Hobart, Hong-Kong, and Bombay.”

“But if anything happened to all you Big Steamers,
And suppose you were wrecked up and down the salt
sea?”

“Then you’d have no coffee or bacon for breakfast,
And you’d have no muffins or toast for your tea.”

“Then I’ll pray for fine weather for all you Big Steamers,
For little blue billows and breezes so soft.”

“Oh, billows and breezes don’t bother Big Steamers,
For we’re iron below and steel-rigging aloft.”

“Then I’ll build a new lighthouse for all you Big Steamers,
With plenty wise pilots to pilot you through.”

“Oh, the Channel’s as bright as a ball-room already,
And pilots are thicker than vilchards at Looe.”

“Then what can I do for you, all you Big Steamers,
Oh, what can I do for your comfort and good?”

“Send out your big warships to watch your big waters,
That no one may stop us from bringing you food.”

*“For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,
The sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve,
They are brought to you daily by all us Big Steamers—
And if anyone hinders our coming you’ll starve!”*

THE KING

“FAREWELL, Romance!” the Cave-men said;

“With bone well carved he went away,

“Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,

“And jasper tips the spear to-day.

“Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,

“And He with these. Farewell, Romance!”

“Farewell, Romance!” the Lake-folk sighed;

“We lift the weight of flatling years;

“The caverns of the mountain-side

“Hold Him who scorns our huttled piers.

“Lost hills whereby we dare not dwell,

“Guard ye His rest! Romance, Farewell!”

“Farewell, Romance!” the Soldier spoke;

“By sleight of sword we may not win,

“But scuffle 'mid uncleanly smoke

“Of arquebus and culverin.

"Honour is lost, and none may tell
"Who paid good blows. Romance, farewell!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Traders cried;
"Our keels have lain with every sea;
"The dull-returning wind and tide
"Heave up the wharf where we would be.
"The known and noted breezes swell
"Our drudging sails. Romance, farewell!"

"Good-bye, Romance!" the Skipper said;
"He vanished with the coal we burn.
"Our dial marks full-steam ahead,
"Our speed is timed to half a turn.
"Sure as the ferried barge we ply
"Twixt port and port. Romance, good-bye!"

"Romance!" the season-tickets mourn,
"He never ran to catch his train,
"But passed with coach and guard and horn—
"And left the local—late again!"
Confound Romance! . . . And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

His hand was on the lever laid,
His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,
His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
His fog-horn cut the reeking Banks.
By dock and deep and mine and mill
The Boy-god reckless laboured still!

Robed, crowned and throned, He wove his spell
Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke curled,
With unconsidered miracle,
Hedged in a backward-gazing world:
Then taught His chosen bard to say:
“Our King was with us—yesterday!”

MINE SWEEPERS

1914-18

DAWN off the Foreland—the young flood making
Jumbled and short and steep—
Black in the hollows and bright where it's breaking—
Awkward water to sweep.
“Mines reported in the fairway,
“Warn all traffic and detain.
“Sent up *Unity*, *Claribel*, *Assyrian*, *Stormcock*, and
Golden Gain.”

Noon off the Foreland—the first ebb making
Lumpy and strong in the bight
Boom after boom, and the golf-hut shaking
And the jackdaws wild with fright!
“Mines located in the fairway,
“Boats now working up the chain,
“Sweepers—*Unity*, *Claribel*, *Assyrian*, *Stormcock*, and
Golden Gain.”

Dusk off the Foreland—the last light going
And the traffic crowding through,
And five damned trawlers with their syreens blowing
Heading the whole review!
“Sweep completed in the fairway.
“No more mines remain.
“Sent back *Unity*, *Claribel*, *Assyrian*, *Stormcock*, and
Golden Gain.”

THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

OUR England is a garden that is full of stately views,
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and avenues,
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by;
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets the
eye.

For where the old thick laurels grow, along the thin
red wall,
You'll find the tool- and potting-sheds which are the
heart of all,
The cold-frames and the hot-houses, the dungpits and
the tanks,
The rollers, carts and drain-pipes, with the barrows and
the planks.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and 'prent-
ice boys
Told off to do as they are bid and do it without noise;

For, except when seeds are planted and we shout to scare
the birds,

The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a rose,
And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that
grows;

But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the sand
and loam,

For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made
By singing:—"Oh, how beautiful!" and sitting in the
shade,

While better men than we go out and start their work-
ing-lives

At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken
dinner-knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head so
thick,

There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart
so sick,

But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done,
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till
further orders,
If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on bor-
ders;
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin
to harden,
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the
Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his
knees,
So when your work is finished, you can wash your
hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass away!
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!

ROAD SONG OF THE *BANDAR-LOG*

HERE we go in a flung festoon,
Half-way up to the jealous moon!
Don't you envy our pranceful bands?
Don't you wish you had extra hands?
Wouldn't you like if your tails were—so—
Curved in the shape of a Cupid's bow?

Now you're angry, but—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

Here we sit in a branchy row,
Thinking of beautiful things we know;
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,
All complete, in a minute or two—
Something noble and grand and good,
Won by merely wishing we could.

Now we're going to—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!



Road-song of the *Bandar-log*

All the talk we ever have heard
Uttered by bat or beast or bird—
Hide or fin or scale or feather—
Jabber it quickly and all together!
Excellent! Wonderful! Once again!
Now we are talking just like men.

Let's pretend we are. . . . Never mind!
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!
This is the way of the Monkey-kind!

*Then join our leaping lines that scumfish through the pines,
That rocket by where, light and high, the wild-grape swings.
By the rubbish in our wake, and the noble noise we make,
Be sure—be sure—we're going to do—some splendid things!*

McANDREW'S HYMN

LORD, Thou hast made this world below the shadow of
a dream,

An', taught by time, I tak' it so—exceptin' always Steam.
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, O
God—

Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.

John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enormous,
certain, slow—

Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—*my* “Institutio.”
I canna get my sleep to-night; old bones are hard to
please;

I'll stand the middle watch up here—alone wi' God an'
these

My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an' strain
Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin'
home again.

Slam-bang too much—they knock a wee—the crosshead-
gibs are loose,

But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them fair excuse. . . .

Fine, clear an' dark—a full-draught breeze, wi' Ushant out o' sight,

An' Ferguson relievin' Hay. Old girl, ye'll walk to-night!

His wife's at Plymouth. . . . Seventy—One—Two—Three since he began—

Three turns for Mistress Ferguson . . . and who's to blame the man?

There's none at any port for me, by drivin' fast or slow,

Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee, Lord, thirty years ago.

(The year the *Sarah Sands* was burned. Oh roads we used to tread,

Fra' Maryhill to Pollokshaws—fra' Govan to Parkhead!)

Not but they're ceevil on the Board. Ye'll hear Sir Kenneth say:

“Good morrn, McAndrew! Back again? An' how's your bilge to-day?”

Miscallin' technicalities but handin' me my chair
To drink Maderia wi' three Earls—the auld Fleet Engineer

That started as a boiler-whelp—when steam and he
were low.

I mind the time we used to serve a broken pipe wi' tow!
Ten pound was all the pressure then—Eh! Eh!—a
man wad drive;

An' here, our workin' gauges give one hunder sixty-five!
We're creepin' on wi' each new rig—less weight an'
larger power.

There'll be the loco-boiler next an' thirty miles an hour!
Thirty an' more. What I ha' seen since ocean-steam
began

Leaves me na doot for the machine: but what about the
man?

The man that counts, wi' all his runs, one million mile
o' sea:

Four time the span from earth to moon. . . . How
far, O Lord, from Thee

That wast beside him night an' day? Ye mind my first
typhoon?

It scoughed the skipper on his way to jock wi' the saloon.
Three feet were on the stokehold-floor—just slappin' to
an' fro—

An' cast me on a furnace-door. I have the marks to
show.

Marks! I ha' marks o' more than burns—deep in my soul an' black,

An' times like this, when things go smooth, my wickudness comes back.

The sins o' four an' forty years, all up an' down the seas, Clack an' repeat like valves half-fed. . . . Forgie's our trespasses!

Nights when I'd come on deck to mark, wi' envy in my gaze,

The couples kittlin' in the dark between the funnel-stays; Years when I raked the Ports wi' pride to fill my cup o' wrong—

Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street in Hong-Kong!

Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin when I abode— Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Reddick an' Grant Road!

An' waur than all—my crownin' sin—rank blasphemy an' wild.

I was not four and twenty then—Yewadna judge a child? I'd seen the Tropics first that run—new fruit, new smells, new air—

How could I tell—blind-fou wi' sun—the Deil was lurkin' there?

By day like playhouse-scenes the shores slid past our
sleepy eyes;
By night those soft, lasceevious stars leered from those
velvet skies,
In port (we used no cargo-steam) I'd daunder down the
streets—
An ijjit grinnin' in a dream—for shells an' parra-
keets,
An' walkin'-sticks o' carved bamboo an' blowfish stuffed
an' dried—
Fillin' my bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put overside.
Till, off Sambawa Head, Ye mind, I heard a land-breeze
ca',
Milk-warm wi' breath o' spice an' bloom: "McAndrew,
come awa'!"
Firm, clear an' low—no haste, no hate—the ghostly
whisper went,
Just statin' eevidential facts beyon' all argument:
"Your mither's God's a grasin' deil, the shadow o'
yourself,
"Got out o' books by meenisters clean daft on Heaven
an' Hell.
"They mak' him in the Broomielaw, o' Glasgie cold
an' dirt,

"A jealous, pridefu' fetich, lad, that's only strong to
hurt,

"Ye'll not go back to Him again an' kiss His red-hot rod,
"But come wi' Us" (Now, who were *They*?) "an' know
the Leevin' God.

"That does not kipper souls for sport or break a life in
jest,

"But swells the ripenin' cocoanuts an' ripes the wo-
man's breast."

An' there it stopped: cut off: no more; that quiet,
certain voice—

For me, six months o' twenty-four, to leave or take at
choice.

'Twas on me like a thunderclap—it racked me through
an' through—

Temptation past the show o' speech, unnameable an'
new—

The Sin against the Holy Ghost? . . . An' under
all, our screw.

That storm blew by but left behind her anchor-shiftin'
swell.

Thou knowest all my heart an' mind, Thou knowest,
Lord, I fell.

Third on the *Mary Gloster* then, and first that night to Hell!

Yet was Thy Hand beneath my head, about my feet
Thy Care—

Fra' Deli clear to Torres Strait, the trial o' despair.

But when we touched the Barrier Reef Thy Answer to
my prayer! . . .

We daredna run that sea by night but lay an' held
our fire,

An' I was drowsin' on the hatch—sick—sick wi' doubt
an' tire:

“Better the sight of eyes that see than wanderin’ o’ desire!”

Ye mind that word? Clear as our gongs—again, an'
once again,

When rippin' down through coral-trash ran out our
moorin'-chain;

An', by Thy Grace, I had the Light to see my duty
plain.

Light on the engine-room—no more—bright as our
carbons burn.

I've lost it since a thousand times, but never past return!

. . .
Obsairve! Per annum we'll have here two thousand
souls aboard—

Think not I dare to justify myself before The Lord,
But—average fifteen hunder souls safe-borne fra port
to port—

I am o' service to my kind. Ye wadna blame the
thought?

Maybe they steam from Grace to Wrath—to sin by folly
led—

It isna mine to judge their path—their lives are on my
head.

Mine at the last—when all is done it all comes back to
me,

The fault that leaves six thousand ton a log upon the sea.
We'll tak' one stretch—three weeks an' odd by ony
road ye steer—

Fra' Cape Town east to Wellington—ye need an engineer.
Fail there—ye've time to weld your shaft—ay, eat it,
ere ye're spoke;

Or make Kerguelen under sail—three jiggers burned wi'
smoke!

An' home again—the Rio run: it's no child's play to go
Stearnin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow an' floe an'
blow.

The bergs like kelpies overside that girn an' turn an
shift

Whaur, grindin' like the Mills o' God, goes by the big
South drift.

(Hail, Snow and Ice that praise the Lord. I've met
them at their work.

An' wished we had anither route or they anither kirk.)

Yon's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for though
Thy Power brings

All skill to naught, Ye'll understand a man must think
o' things.

Then, at the last, we'll get to port an' hoist their bag-
gage clear—

The passengers, wi' gloves an' canes—an' this is what
I'll hear:

"Well, thank ye for a pleasant voyage. The tender's
comin now."

While I go testin' follower-bolts an' watch the skipper
bow.

They've words for every one but me—shake hands wi'
half the crew,

Except the dour Scots engineer, the man they never knew.

An' yet I like the wark for all we've dam' few pickin's
here—

No pension, an' the most we'll earn's four hunder
pound a year.

Better myself abroad? Maybe. *I'd* sooner starve than sail

Wi' such as call a snifter-rod *ross*. . . . French for nightingale.

Commeession on my stores? Some do; but I cannot afford

To lie like stewards wi patty-pans. I'm older than the Board.

A bonus on the coal I save? Ou ay, the Scots are close,
But when I grudge the strength Ye gave I'll grudge their food to *those*.

(There's bricks that I might recommend—an' clink the firebars cruel.

No! Welsh—Wangarti at the worst—an' damn all patent fuel!)

Inventions? Ye must stay in port to mak' a patent pay.

My Deeferential Valve-Gear taught me how that business lay.

I blame no chaps wi' clearer heads for aught they make or sell,

I found that I could not invent an' look to these as well.
So, wrestled wi' Apollyon—Nah!—fretted like a bairn—
But burned the workin'-plans last run wi' all I hoped to earn.

Ye know how hard an Idol dies, an' what that meant
to me—

E'en tak' it for a sacrifice acceptable to Thee. . . .
*Below there! Oiler! What's your wark? Ye find it
runnin' hard?*

Ye needn't swill the cup wi' oil—this isn't the Cunard!
*Ye thought? Ye are not paid to think. Go, sweat that
off again!*

Tck! Tck! It's deeficul't to swear nor tak' The
Name in vain!

Men, ay an' women, call me stern. Wi' these to oversee
Ye'll note I've little time to burn on social repartee.

The bairns see what their elders miss; they'll hunt me
to an' fro,

Till for the sake of—well, a kiss—I tak' 'em down
below.

That minds me of our Viscount loon—Sir Kenneth's
kin—the chap

Wi' Russia leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked
yachtin'-cap.

I showed him round last week, o'er all—an' at the last
says he:

"Mister McAndrew, don't you think steam spoils
romance at sea?"

Damned ijjit! I'd been doon that morn to see what
ailed the throws,

Manholin', on my back—the cranks three inches off my
nose.

Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it
very well,

Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves an'
doves they dream—

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o'
Steam!

To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail-rods mark the
time.

The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-pump
sobs an' heaves,

An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the
sheaves:

Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-
head bides,

Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings glim-
merin' through the guides.

They're all awa! True beat, full power, the clangin'
chorus goes

Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamoes.
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, Ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed!
Fra skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced
an' stayed.

An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are
made;

While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block
says:

"Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the
praise!"

Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an'
mine:

"Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Dis-
cipline!"

Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin'
they arose,

An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi'the blows.
Oh for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer strain,
Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin'
plain!

But no one cares except mysel' that serve an' understand
My seven thousand horse-power here. Eh, Lord!
They're grand—they're grand!

Uplift am I? When first in store the new-made beasties
stood,

Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word declarin'
all things good?

Not so! O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall could vex,
Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man—the Arrtifex!
That holds, in spite o' knock and scale, o' friction, waste
an' slip,

An' by that light—now, mark my word—we'll build
the Perfect Ship.

I'll never last to judge her lines or take her curve—not I.
But I ha' lived an' I ha' worked. 'Be thanks to Thee,
Most High!

An' I ha' done what I ha' done—judge Thou if ill or
well—

Always Thy Grace preventin' me. . . .

Losh! Yon's the "Stand-by" bell!

Pilot so soon? His flare it is. The mornin'-watch is set.
Well, God be thanked, as I was sayin' I'm no Pelagian
yet.

Now I'll tak' on. . . .

'Morrn, Ferguson. *Man, have ye ever thought*
What your good leddy costs in coal? . . . I'll burn
'em down to port.

•

A SONG TO MITHRAS

(Hymn of the XXXth Legion: *circa* 350 A. D.)

MITHRAS, God of the Morning, our trumpets waken the
Wall!

“Rome is above the Nations, but Thou art over all!”
Now as the names are answered, and the guards are
marched away,

Mithras, also a soldier, give us strength for the day!

Mithras, God of the Noontide, the heather swims in
the heat.

Our helmets scorch our foreheads, our sandals burn our
feet.

Now in the ungirt hour—now ere we blink and drowse,
Mithras, also a soldier, keep us true to our vows!

Mithras, God of the Sunset, low on the Western main—
Thou descending immortal, immortal to rise again!
Now when the watch is ended, now when the wine is
drawn,

Mithras, also a soldier, keep us pure till the dawn!

A SONG TO MITHRAS

195

Mithras, God of the Midnight, here where the great
bull dies,

Look on thy children in darkness. Oh take our sacrifice!
Many roads thou hast fashioned—all of them lead to
the Light,

Mithras, also a soldier, teach us to die aright!

THE EXPLORER

"THERE's no sense in going further—it's the edge of cultivation,"

So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and sowed my crop—

Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station

Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes

On one everlasting Whisper, day and night repeated
—so:

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—

"Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

So I went, worn out of patience; never told my nearest
neighbours—

Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em drinking
in the town;

And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to
help my labours

As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and
leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flanks
and dodging shoulders,

Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of
grass;

Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow and
naked boulders—

Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd stumbled
on the Pass.

'Thought to name it for the finder: but that night the
Norther found me—

Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies; so I called
the camp Despair

(It's the Railway Gap to-day, though). Then my
Whisper waked to hound me:—
“Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder!
Go you there!”

Then I knew, the while I doubted—knew His Hand
was certain o'er me.

Still—it might be self-delusion—scores of better men
had died—

I could reach the township living, but . . . He
knows what terror tore me . . .

But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the
other side,

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers turned
to aloes,

And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming
stream ran by;

But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the water
drained to shallows,

And I dropped again on desert—blasted earth, and
blasting sky. . . .

I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by 'em;
I remember seeing faces, hearing voices, through the
smoke;
I remember they were fancy—for I threw a stone to
try 'em.
"Something lost behind the Ranges" was the only
word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew it
When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I saw.
'Very full of dreams that desert, but my two legs took
me through it . . .
And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all
black and raw.

But at last the country altered—White Man's country
past disputing—
Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills
behind—
There I found me food and water, and I lay a week
recruiting.
Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I
entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my trees
and blazed and ringed 'em—

Week by week I pried and sampled—week by week
my findings grew.

Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he found
a kingdom!

But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck
the worth of two.

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised
snow-slide shivers—

Down and through the big fat marshes that the virgin
ore-bed stains,

Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined
rivers,

And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains!

'Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades
between 'em;

Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand
head an hour;

Counted leagues of water-frontage through the axe-ripe
woods that screen 'em—

Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting for
the power!

Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever chaps
that followed—

Came, a dozen men together—never knew my desert-
fears;

Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water-
holes I'd hollowed.

They'll go back and do the talking. *They'll* be called
the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships—not the cities that
I set there.

They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers heard at
night.

By my own old marks and bearings they will show me
how to get there,

By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet
aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one
single acre?

I have I kept one single nugget—(barring samples)?
No, not I!

Because my price was paid me ten times over by my
Maker.

But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and
occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water-transit
sure and steady

(That should keep the railway-rates down), coal and
iron at your doors.

God took care to hide that country till He judged His
people ready,

Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found
it, and it's yours!

Yes, your "Never-never country"—yes, your "edge of
cultivation"

And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed the
range to see.

God forgive me! No, *I* didn't. It's God's present to
our nation.

Anybody might have found it, but—His Whisper
came to Me!

EDDI'S SERVICE

(A. D. 687)

EDDI, priest of St. Wilfrid
In his chapel at Manhood End,
Ordered a midnight service
For such as cared to attend.

But the Saxons were keeping Christmas
And the night was stormy as well.
Nobody came to service,
Though Eddi rang the bell.

“ ‘Wicked weather for walking,’ ”
Said Eddi of Manhood End.
“ But I must go on with the service
For such as care to attend.”

The altar-lamps were lighted,—
An old marsh-donkey came,
Bold as a guest invited,
And stared at the guttering flame.

SONGS FOR YOUTH

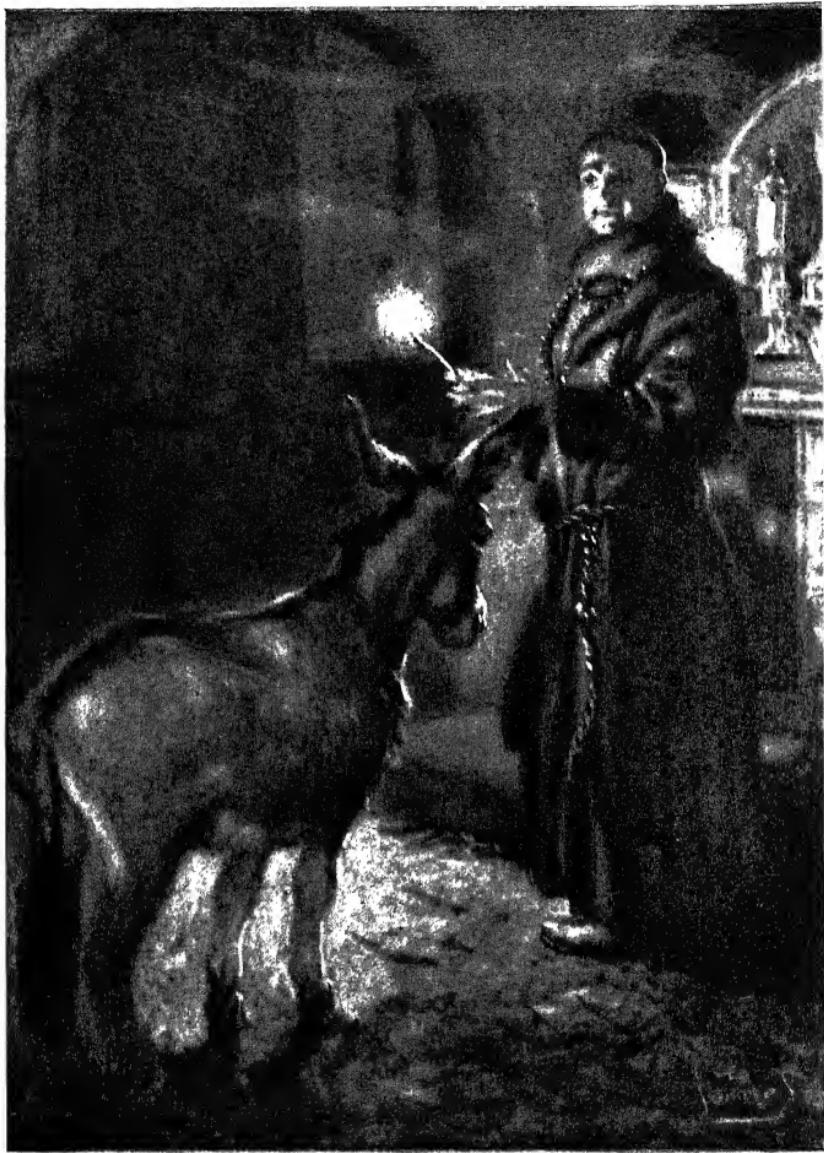
The storm beat on at the windows,
The water splashed on the floor,
And a wet, yoke-weary bullock
Pushed in through the open door.

“How do I know what is greatest,
How do I know what is least?
That is My Father’s business,”
Said Eddi, Wilfrid’s priest.

“But—three are gathered together—
Listen to me and attend.
I bring good news, my brethren!”
Said Eddi of Manhood End.

And he told the Ox of a Manger
And a Stall in Bethlehem,
And he spoke to the Ass of a Rider,
That rode to Jerusalem.

They steamed and dripped in the chancel,
They listened and never stirred,
While, just as though they were Bishops,
Eddi preached them The Word,



Eddi's Service

Till the gale blew off on the marshes,
And the windows showed the day,
And the Ox and the Ass together
Wheeled and clattered away.

And when the Saxons mocked him,
Said Eddi of Manhood End,
“I dare not shut His chapel
On such as care to attend.”

THE LAND

WHEN Julius Fabricius, Sub-Prefect of the Weald,
In the days of Diocletian owned our Lower River-field,
He called to him Hobdenius—a Briton of the Clay,
Saying: “What about that River-piece for layin’ in to
hay?”

And the aged Hobden answered: “I remember as a lad
My father told your father that she wanted dreenin’ bad.
An’ the more that you neeglect her the less you’ll get
her clean.

Have it jest *as* you’ve a mind to, but, if I was you, I’d
dreen.”

So they drained it long and crossways in the lavish Ro-
man style—
Still we find among the river-drift their flakes of ancient
tile,

And in drouthy middle August, when the bones of
meadows show,
We can trace the lines they followed sixteen hundred
years ago.

Then Julius Fabricius died as even Prefects do,
And after certain centuries, Imperial Rome died too.
Then did robbers enter Britain from across the Northern
main
And our Lower River-field was won by Ogier the Dane.

Well could Ogier work his war-boat—well could Ogier
wield his brand—
Much he knew of foaming waters—not so much of
farming land.
So he called to him a Hobden of the old unaltered blood,
Saying: “What about that River-piece? She doesn’t
look no good.”

And that aged Hobden answered: “ ‘Tain’t for *me* to
interfere,
But I’ve known that bit o’ meadow now for five and
fifty year.

Have it *jest* as you've a mind to, but I've proved it time
on time,
If you want to change her nature you have *got* to give
her lime!"

Ogier sent his wains to Lewes, twenty hours' solemn walk,
And drew back great abundance of the cool, grey, heal-
ing chalk.

And old Hobden spread it broadcast, never heeding
what was in t—

Which is why in cleaning ditches, now and then we find
a flint.

Ogier died. His sons grew English—Anglo-Saxon was
their name—

Till out of blossomed Normandy another pirate came;
For Duke William conquered England and divided
with his men,

And our Lower River-field he gave to William of
Warenne.

But the Brook (you know her habit) rose one rainy
autumn night

And tore down sodden fitches of the bank to left and
right.

So, said William to his Bailiff as they rode their dripping rounds:

"Hob, what about that River-bit—the Brook's got up no bounds?"

And that aged Hobden answered: "'Tain't my business to advise,

But ye might ha' known 'twould happen from the way the valley lies.

Where ye can't hold back the water you must try and save the sile.

Hev it jest as you've a *mind* to, but, if I was you, I'd spile!"

They spiled along the water-course with trunks of willow-trees,

And planks of elms behind 'em and immortal oaken knees:

And when the spates of Autumn whirl the gravel-beds away

You can see their faithful fragments iron-hard in iron clay.

Georgii Quinti, Anno Sexto, I, who own the River-field,
Am fortified with title-deeds, attested, signed and sealed,

Guaranteeing me, my assigns, my executors and heirs
All sorts of powers and profits which—are neither mine
nor theirs.

I have rights of chase and warren, as my dignity requires.
I can fish—but Hobden tickles. I can shoot—but
Hobden wires.

I repair, but he reopens, certain gaps which, men allege,
Have been used by every Hobden since a Hobden
swapped a hedge.

Shall I dog his morning progress o'er the track-betraying
dew?

Demand his dinner-basket into which my pheasant flew?
Confiscate his evening faggot under which the conies ran,
And summons him to judgment? I would sooner
summons Pan.

His dead are in the churchyard—thirty generations laid.
Their names were old in history when Domesday Book
was made.

And the passion and the piety and prowess of his line
Have seeded, rooted, fruited in some land the Law calls
mine.

Not for any beast that burrows, not for any bird that flies,
Would I lose his large sound counsel, miss his keen
amending eyes.

He is bailiff, woodman, wheelwright, field-surveyor,
engineer,

And if flagrantly a poacher—'tain't for *me* to interfere.

"Hob, what about that River-bit?" I turn to him
again,

With Fabricius and Ogier and William of Warenne.

"Hev it jest as you've a mind to, *but*"—and here he
takes command;

For whoever pays the taxes old Mus' Hobden owns the
land.

IF-

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

THE BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR"

*Seven men from all the world back to Docks again,
Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising Cain.
Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign away—
We that took the Bolivar out across the Bay!*

We put out from Sunderland loaded down with rails;
We put back to Sunderland 'cause our cargo shifted;
We put out from Sunderland—met the winter gales—
Seven days and seven nights to the Start we drifted.

Racketing her rivets loose, smoke-stack white as
snow,
All the coals adrift adeck, half the rails below,
Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a dray—
Out we took the *Bolivar*, out across the Bay!

One by one the Lights came up, winked and let us by;
Mile by mile we waddled on, coal and fo'c'sle short;

Met a blow that laid us down, heard a bulkhead fly;
Left The Wolf behind us with a two-foot list to port.

Trailing like a wounded duck, working out her soul:
Clanging like a smithy-shop after every roll;
Just a funnel and a mast lurching through the
spray—

So we threshed the *Bolivar* out across the Bay!

Felt her hog and felt her sag, betted when she'd break;
Wondered every time she raced if she'd stand the shock;
Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her strake;
Hoped the Lord 'ud keep His Thumb on the plumb-
mer-block!

Banged against the iron decks, bilges choked with
coal;
Flayed and frozen foot and hand, sick of heart and
soul;
Last we prayed she'd buck herself into Judgment
Day—
Hi! we cursed the *Bolivar* knocking round the
Bay!

O her nose flung up to sky, groaning to be still—
Up and down and back we went, never time for breath;
Then the money paid at Lloyd's caught her by the keel,
And the stars ran round and round dancin' at our
death!

Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off between;
'Heard the rotten rivets draw when she took it
green;
Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat at play—
That was on the *Bolivar*, south across the Bay!

Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to swell—
Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they was we—
Some damned Liner's lights go by like a grand hotel;
'Cheered her from the *Bolivar* swampin' in the sea.

Then a greyback cleared us out, then the skipper
laughed;
“Boys, the wheel has gone to Hell—rig the
winches aft!
“Yoke the kicking rudder-head—get her under
way!”
So we steered her, pulley-haul, out across the Bay!

THE BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR" 217

Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,
In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilbao Bar.
Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we
Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal Sea!

*Seven men from all the world back to town again,
Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising Cain:
Seven men from out of Hell. Ain't the owners gay,
'Cause we took the Bolivar safe across the Bay!*

THE WAGE-SLAVES

OH GLORIOUS are the guarded heights
Where guardian souls abide—
Self-exiled from our gross delights—
Above, beyond, outside:
An ampler arc their spirit swings—
Commands a juster view—
We have their word for all these things,
No doubt their words are true.

Yet we, the bondslaves of our day,
Whom dirt and danger press—
Co-heirs of insolence, delay,
And leagued unfaithfulness—
Such is our need must seek indeed
And, having found, engage
The men who merely do the work
For which they draw the wage.

From forge and farm and mine and bench,
Deck, altar, outpost lone—
Mill, school, battalion, counter, trench,
Rail, senate, sheepfold, throne—
Creation's cry goes up on high
From age to cheated age:
“Send us the men who do the work
“For which they draw the wage!”

Words cannot help nor wit achieve,
Nor e'en the all-gifted fool,
Too weak to enter, bide, or leave
The lists he cannot rule.
Beneath the sun we count on none
Our evil to assuage,
Except the men that do the work
For which they draw the wage.

When through the Gates of Stress and Strain
Comes forth the vast Event—
The simple, sheer, sufficing, sane
Result of labour spent—
They that have wrought the end unthought
Be neither saint nor sage,

But only men who did the work
For which they drew the wage.

Wherefore to these the Fates shall bend
(And all old idle things—)
Wherefore on these shall Power attend
 Beyond the grip of kings:
Each in his place, by right, not grace,
 Shall rule his heritage—
The men who simply do the work
 For which they draw the wage.

Not such as scorn the loitering street,
 Or waste to earn its praise,
Their noontide's unreturning heat
 About their morning ways;
But such as dower each mortgaged hour
 Alike with clean courage—
Even the men who do the work
 For which they draw the wage—
Men, like to Gods, that do the work,
 For which they draw the wage—
Begin—continue—close that work
 For which they draw the wage!

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

*Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.*

Father in Heaven, who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

*Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
Oh Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!*

